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THE [illegible] OF DECAY.

Oh, [illegible] its slumbers breaks
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be
That into the engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
The rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought,
The path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here—
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and laid his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The steps that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and woe
When age comes on!

A MARSHAL OF THIS REPUBLIC.—Among the Americans who attended a ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, when John Y. Mason was our Minister there, was Jack Spider, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four Major Generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party, that his friends could not account for. Wherever the Marshals of France went, there went Jack—and when the Marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball, Jack called on our Minister to France, who started up a conversation in the following way:

"I hear, Jack, you were at the ball last evening."

"I was, sir, and had a high old time."

"For which you were indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with. By the way, how came you associated with the Marshals?"

"How? By virtue of my office. They were Marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a Marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission, and took post accordingly."

"By right of your office! What do you mean?"

"Read and see!"

Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a whitey brown paper, with a seal big enough for a four pound weight.

"What in the name of heaven is this?"

"My commission of 'Marshal,' I received in 1850, when I assisted in taking the census in Frankfort."

"You, don't mean to say that you travel on this?"

"I don't mean anything else. That makes me a 'Marshal' of the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored."

Mr. Mason allowed that Jack was doing a very large business on a very small capital.—*Cincinnati Star.*

A "MATERIALIZED" Subject.—The Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* says: "A family removed from a country village into Boston and occupied a house comparatively new in a modern part of the city. The children soon began to tell their parents of a boy who came to play with them in the street or in their play-room, and of what he said and did and how he looked. The parents never saw the boy, and finally bade the children bring him in some day to see them. The answer was, 'Oh, we can't; he goes right away.' Being told the next time he came to the house to let them know, the children did so, but, as they said, he had 'gone right away' when the parents reached the playgrounds. This went on for some time, greatly to the wonder and perplexity of the parents; the children, simple and matter-of-fact, thought nothing strange of it. One day they reported to their father that their playmate, now well known by name, told them his father and mother were going to Europe in a few days, and he gave their names and the vessel they would sail by from New York. The gentleman, without saying anything, went to New York, found such names on the steamer list, went to the dock on the day of sailing, sought out the persons and inquired if they had a boy of such age and description as his children had related to him. With great emotion they replied, 'We had such a boy, but he is dead; why do you ask?' Further conversation convinced them and the Bostonian that the spirit of their darling boy, never seen by those who knew and loved him, was the frequent visitor to the house of perfect strangers, and seen and talked with by the children of others."

KEEPING UP WITH THE FASHION.—"Ma, can I go and hear the negro serenaders to-night?"

"No, my dear, I cannot think of letting you go to such performances."

"Why, ma, everybody goes to hear them; they sing such comic songs, and tell all sorts of funny stories—you can't help laughing all the time."

"You must not urge me Charley, for I cannot throw away money on fellows who go about disguised as negroes, singing songs that have no good tendency, and telling stories that are not calculated to improve the mind, but rather to do harm. And, more than that, I do not believe that any of the better class of society visit these concerts."

"Indeed, Ma, then you are vastly mistaken, for I heard Judge Brown's boys say they were there with their father and sisters, and I saw Mr. Jones, my Sabbath-school teacher, go in last evening; and I was in the store to-day where they sell the tickets, and the minister of the Broad street Church came in and purchased three or four, to take his family."

"Are you sure about what you tell me, Charley?"

"Yes, Ma; and Mr. Smith remarked, when he sold the tickets, that the concerts were attended by very fashionable audiences."

"Well, that alters the case some; you may go and tell your sister Angelica to dress for the concert, and I will accompany you; I believe there is nothing but prayer-meeting at our church to-night. We must keep up with the fashion."

Hon. S. S. Cox's famous speech on "The Moth" caused a good deal of excitement last winter, but we don't believe that, even so incurable a humorist as he is would dare to say what Dr. Samuel W. Francis was bold enough to utter lately, about that lively little bird known as the mosquito, viz.: "Taking as my standpoint the aphorism that all things were created for some good purpose, it is my firm conviction that the mosquito was created for the purpose of driving man from the malarial districts; for I do not believe that in nature any region where chills and fever prevail can be free from this little animal. Now, if man will not go after the warning is given in humming accents, then the mosquito injects hypodermically a little liquid which answers two purposes—firstly to render the blood thin enough to be drawn up through its tube, and secondly in order to inject that which possesses the principles of quinine!" Before Cox would get off such a double-headed slander as this on New Jersey, he would count the cost of travelling between New York and Washington on some route wholly within the United States.

Mrs. Livermore says that Massachusetts women have in some respects got more than their rights. The last Legislature of that State passed a law under which a wife may go into business on her own account, and, no matter how much money she makes, or how poor her husband may be, can force him to support her. Mrs. Livermore regards this as unjust to husbands and as unasked for by wives.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

Feeble and faint, and grim and gray,
In his last dark hour, the Old Year lay;
And heavily came his parting breath,
And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death.
Yet a few months past, when the spring-time smiled,
This gray Old Year was a merry child;
And he rivalled the lark as it cleft the air,
And twined bright buds with his golden hair.
Then the Summer came, and the buds were flowers,
And the nightingale sang in the blooming bowers;
And, a pensive youth, he loved the night
And the silent stars and the pale moonlight.
Still the months passed by, and the Autumn now
Gave its golden fruit from each bending bough;
And with mind mature, he had reached at length
The full perfection of manly strength.
But the leaves grew sere, the Autumn passed
And the tall trees bent to the wintry blast;
And the days wore on and the end drew nigh
And the weary Old Year lay down to die.
Feeble and faint, and grim and gray,
In his last dark hour, the Old Year lay;
And heavily came his parting breath,
And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death,
Yet not alone, for Old Time stood there;
He watched at his side with paternal care,
And he gazed on the glass in his withered hand,
And jealously counted each ebbing sand.
Nay, not alone, for a company vast,
The shade of the numberless years of the past
Encircled the couch where the dying year lay,
And mournfully beckoned his spirit away.
Then sullenly tolled from a crumbling tower
The solemn strokes of the midnight hour;
And the ghost of the gray Old Year was free,
With the shadowy past, in eternity!

From Once a Week.

BLOWN UP.

Can't say, I'm sure, sir. Been used to bilers all my life; but working 'em's different to making 'em. There's something wrong, as you say or they wouldn't always be a-bustin'. 'Tain't once, or twice, nor now and then, for it's a thing as is always a-happening; and though I've never had more than a scald or two myself, I've seen some strange sights, men all blown to pieces, so that they were picked up afterward in baskets; men taken to the hospital with their flesh hanging to them in rags, and there they'd lie writhing and tearing at the wrappers in such agony, that—there, I ain't above owning it—I've cried like a child to see my poor mates' sufferings. And there they'd be, day after day, till a sort of calm came over them; and the pain went, when they'd quite smile if you spoke to 'em, they seemed so easy; and it would be because a gentle hand was laid upon 'em and they were going into the long sleep.

Some gets better, but not when they're scalded badly; for it's strange stuff, is steam. Well, no; I'm not afraid, and never do feel afraid. What's the good? One's got it to do, and there's the mouths at home to feed, so one can't afford it; and then the odds are precious long ones against it being one's own bustin'. But now so many more steam engines are coming into use, day by day, it seems as if something ought to be done in the way of making bilers stronger. Cheapness is cheapness; but then, a thing's dear at any price that makes such ruin as I've seen sometimes; so why don't they try some tougher metal than iron?—though, certainly, steam's strong enough to tear up anything. But there seems to me to be some fresh plan wanted for making bilers. I didn't work there, but I went and had a look directly after that horrible accident at the big works last autumn. Well, there was about an acre of buildings—sheds and settees—swept away as if you'd battered 'em all down; great fire-bricks, weighing a hundred and a half, pitched here and there like chaff; sheets of lead sent flying a hundred yards; tall chimney powdered down, and the big busted biler itself jumped right out of its place; while as to the middle of it, that was torn off, and crumpled up, and blown, like a sheet of paper, to a distance. Plenty of life lost there and plenty of escapes; but what I took most notice of was the plates torn off the biler—torn off, as I said before, like so much paper: while these sheets or plates of iron had given away at the rivets, and looked for all the world like torn-off postage stamps—torn off, of course, along the perforating.

"Now, then," I says to myself, "that's a thing as wants altering. You perforate the edges of your plates to admit rivets, and so take half their strength off—p'r'aps more, then you puts, perhaps, hot rivets in, and they p'r'aps mind, I don't say so, only the raw edges of the biler looked crystally and brittle. "Well, then some day, comes a hextry pressure o' steam and up goes your biler—busted, and spreading ruin, and death, and misery around."

"Then how are we to fasten our biler plates," says you, "if we don't rivet 'em?" How should I know? I ain't a scientific man—I only stokes. That's for you to find out. But you ain't a going to tell me, are you, that you scientific men and biler-makers can't find no other way to make bilers only by riveting them? Say you bends the plates' edges over, and hooks one into the other, like tin saucepan makers does their tin. They'd stand some strain that way, and you wouldn't weaken your plates. I ain't a biler-maker, or I should try that dodge, I think; but there, that's only one way out of many, as could be found by experiment.

Seems to me, sir, as if we English people hates anything new, and always wants to keep to what our fathers and grandfathers had before us. They went along and made their footmarks and we go along after 'em, putting our foots in just the same spots, thinking it must be right, come what will of it.

Had to do with engines many years; stoked locomotives and stationers, agricultural, and manufactories, and printing-offices, and been down in the engine rooms of steamers; and that last's about the hottest and worst of all. Killing work, you know, for anybody, 'specially in a hot country, where every breath of air that comes down to you is already roasted, as it were, and don't do you no good.

Bustins? Well, no, only one, and that was quite enough; for though it didn't hurt my body, it did hurt my heart, and if you happen to be a father you'll understand what I mean.

It was dinner time at our works—a great place, where the engine used to be going to pump water night and day, so that there were two of us; and one week I'd be on day work, next week night work, and so on. Now it so happened that our water in that part was terribly hard—water that would cover the inside of a biler with thick fur in no time. But whether it was that or no, I can't say; all I know is, that one dinner-time I went out into the yard to wash my hands and have a cooler, when I heard a strange, wild, rushing noise, and felt something hit me on the back of the head, and then, turning round, I stood fixed to the spot, for the air was black with tiles and bricks, and laths, and rafters, while the whole place seemed to be crumbling up together, just like as if you'd built up a tall card-house, and tapped it, so that it fell, one card on top of another, till there was a little heap all lying close and snug; so that out of a tall building there was nothing left but some smoking ruins.

I knew it was not my fault, for I had looked at the gauge just before, and the pressure of steam wasn't heavy. I knew there was plenty of water in the biler, and the safety-valve was all right; so that all I would do was to be thankful for the accident happening at dinner-time, and also for my own wonderful escape. And then, though I wasn't hurt, something seemed to come over me like a flash, and struck me to the ground in an instant.

When I came to, I felt horribly sick and deathly-like, and I looked about from face to face, wondering what was the matter; for I couldn't make it out why I should be lying on my back, with people round me in the yard—one holding up my head, another sprinkling my face with water.

Then it all came back at once, and I shuddered as I turned my head and looked at the ruined works; for I knew what it was struck me down to the earth. I said before it was like a flash, and it was—it was one quick thought which came across my brain, for I knew that, being dinner time, my little golden-haired gal would have brought my 'lowance tied up in a basin; and something told me that she had gone into the stoke-hole to find me, when I had gone into the yard.

"Let me get up," I says; and I ran toward the ruins, and began tearing away at the heap of brick rubbish, while the crowd now gathered together, hearing that there was some one underneath, began tearing away at the rubbish like fury.

By and by the police came, and some gentlemen, and something like order was got at, and people worked well to get down to where the stoke-hole had been. I had said that there was some one there, but I couldn't shape my mouth to say who it was; and some said that it was one man, and some another, but whoever they named seemed to come directly back from his dinner, or, because he had heard the explosion. So, by and by, people began to look from one to another, and ask who it was.

"Ask Wilson," says some one; "he was here at the time;" and some one asked me. But I had no occasion to speak, for just then, alarmed at the child not going back, as usual, the little gal's mother came shrieking out, and crying:

"Where's little Patty? where's little Patty?" and then, when no one spoke, she gave a sort of pitiful moan, and sank slowly down—first on her knees, and then sideways, on to a heap of bricks; and I remember thinking it was best, for I could not find it in my heart to go to her help, but kept on tearing away at the hot bricks and rubbish.

It was puzzling and worriting; for one could not seem to be sure where anything had once stood, in the horrible confusion before us. One said the stoke-hole had been here, and another there; but even I, who had worked there two years, could not be sure amidst the confusion.

Hour after hour went by, and still we worked on; while, as every big rafter or beam was lifted and dragged away, I was obliged to turn my head, for I felt sick, and the place seemed to swim; for I expected to see Patty's little bright curls torn out and hanging to the jagged wood, and that underneath there would be something horrible and crushed.

I know it wasn't manly; but what can I say when there was a little, bright, blue-eyed child in the case—one of those little things whose look will make your great rough hand fall to your side when raised in anger, while the tiny thing can lead you about and do what she likes with you? P'r'aps I ain't manly; but somehow, children always seem to get the upper hand of me.

And so on we worked, hour after hour; men getting tired and dropping off, but always plenty ready to take their places; while I—I never thought of it, but kept on tearing away till my hands bled, and the sweat rolled down my face; but I turned away every time there was something large lifted, for I said to myself, "She must be under that!" And then again and again, in my mind, I seemed to see the torn and crushed face of my darling, and her long curls dabbled in blood.

In the midst of the piled up, blackened ruins—bricks, mortar, tiles, lead, and ragged and torn beams, huge pieces of wood snapped and torn like matches—we toiled on, hour after hour, till the dark night came, when the gas pipes that had been laid bare and plugged were unstopped and the gas lit, so that it flared and blazed, and cast a strange, wild light over the ruined place. There had been flames burst forth two or three times from parts of the ruins, but a few sprinklings from the fire engine in attendance had put them out; and, as we worked on, the rubbish grew cooler and cooler.

Some said that the child could not have been there, but the sight of her mother, tearing out was sufficient, when once she got away from the people, who had her in their house—a house where but part of the windows had been broken by the explosion—and came running to where I was at work, snatching at the bricks and wood till I got two or three to take her back, for I couldn't have left where I was to have saved my life. But I remember, so well, asking myself why it was that women will let down their back hair when they're in a state of excitement, and make 'emselves look so wild.

By and by, some one came to say how bad my wife was, and that she wanted to see me: but I felt that I couldn't go, and kept on, in a fevered sort of way, work, work; and I've thought since, that if she had been dying, it would have been all the same. However, I heard soon after that she seemed a little better; and I found out afterward that a doctor there had given the poor woman something that seemed to calm her, and she went to sleep.

It would have been a strong dose, though, that would have sent me off to sleep, as still on, hour after hour, I worked there, never tiring, but lifting beams that two or three men would have gone at, and tossing the rubbish away like so much straw.

The owners were kind enough and did all they could to encourage the men, sending out beer and other refreshments; but the heap of stuff to move was something frightful, and more than once I felt quite in despair and ready to sit down and cry weakly. But I was at it again, the next moment, and working with the best of them.

"Hadn't you better leave now?" said one of my masters; "I'll see that everything is done."

I gave him one look, and he laid his hand kindly on my shoulder, and said no more to me about going; and I heard him say, "Poor fellow!" to some one by him, as he turned away.

We came upon the biler quite half a dozen yards out of its place, ripped right across where the rivet were; while, as for the engine, it was one curious bit of iron tangle—rods, and bars, and pieces of iron and brass, twisted and turned and bent about like so much string; and the great fly-wheel was broken in half a dozen places.

This showed us where the great cellar like place—the stoke-hole—was; and we worked down now toward that; but still clearing the way, for how could I tell where the child might be? But it was weary, slow work; every now and then rigging up shears, and fastening ropes, and pulley, and sheaf, to haul up some great piece of iron or beam; and, willing as every one was, we made very little progress in the dark night.

Once, we had to stop and batter down a wall with a scaffold-pole; for the police declared it to be unsafe, and the sergeant, would not let us work near it till it was down; and all the while I was raging like a madman at the check. But it was of no use, and the man was right. He was doing his duty, and not like me, searching for the little crushed form of my darling in the cruel ruins. The people made me worse, for they would talk and say what they thought, so that I could hear. One would say she might still be alive, another would shake his head, and so on; when I kept stopping, in spite of all I tried not, listening to what they said, and it all seemed so much lost time.

The engine-room was now cleared, and, in spite of my trembling and horror, as every big piece was disturbed, nothing had been found; but all at once, as we were trying to clear behind the biler, and get down to the stoke-hole one of the men gave a cry. I caught at the man nearest to me, and then lights, rubbish, the strange wild scene, all seemed to run round me, and I should have fallen only for the man held me up, and some one brought me some brandy.

I was myself again directly, and, stumbling over the bricks to where a knot of men had collected, and a policeman had his bull's-eye lantern open, and they were stooping to look at something that lay just under a beam they had raised—to the left of where I expected she would be found.

"Smashed," I heard some one, with his back to me, say; and then some one else, "Poor little thing! she must have run past here!"

Then, with my throat dry and my eyes staring, I crept up and thrust two men aside, right and left, when the others made way for me without speaking, and, when I got close up, I covered my face with my hands, and softly knelt down.

The policemen said something, and some one else spoke cheerily; but I couldn't hear what they said, for my every thought was upon what I was going to see. And now, for the first time, the great, blinding tears came gushing from my eyes, so that when I slowly took down first one hand and then another, I was blinded, and could not see for a few moments; till, stooping a little lower, there, smashed and flattened, covered with mortar and dust, was my old red cotton handkerchief, tied round the basin and plate that held my dinner, dropped here by my little darling.

For a few moments I was, as it were, struck dumb—it was so different a sight to what I had expected to see; and then I leaped up and laughed, and shouted, and danced—the relief was so great.

"Come on!" I cried again; and then, for an hour or more, we were at it, working away till the light began to come into the east, and tell us that it was daybreak.

Late as it was, plenty of people had stopped all the time; for, somehow, or another, hundreds had got to know the little bright, golden-haired thing that trotted backward and forward every day with my dinner basin. She was too little to do it, but then, bless you, that was our pride; for the wife combed, and brushed, and dressed her up on purpose. And fine and proud we used to be of the little thing going and coming—so old fashioned. Why, lots of heads used to be thrust out to watch her, and, seeing how pretty, and artless, and young she was, we used to feel that every one would try and protect her; and it was so. Time after time, that night, I saw motherly-looking women, that I did not know, with aprons to their eyes, sobbing and crying; and, though I didn't notice it then, I remember it well enough afterward—ah! and always shall; while the way in which some of the men worked—well to do men, who would have thought themselves insulted if you'd offered 'em five shillings for their night's job—showed how my poor little darling had won the hearts of all around. Often and often since, too, I could have stopped this one, and shook hand with that one for their kindness; only there's always that shut-upness about an Englishman that seems to make him all heart at a time of sorrow, and a piece of solid bluntness at every other time.

Well, it was now just upon the morning, and we were all worked up to a pitch of excitement that nothing could be like. We had been expecting to come upon the poor child, all the afternoon and night, but now there could be no doubt of it. She must be here, for we were now down in the stoke-hole, working again, with more vigor than had been shown for hours. Men's faces were flushed, and their teeth set. They didn't talk, only in whispers; and the stuff went flying out as fast as others could take it away.

"Easy, easy," the sergeant of police kept saying, as he and two of his men kept us well lit with the strong light of their lanterns.

But the men tore on, till at last the place was about cleared out, and we had got to a mass of brick wall sloping against one side, and a little wood work on the other side, along with some rubbish.

And now was the exciting time, as we went, four of us, at the brick wall, dragged at it, and raised it, when some woman up above shrieked out, and we stood trembling, for it had crumbled down and lay all of a heap where we had raised it from.

"Quick!" I shouted, huskily.

And we tore the bricks away till there was hardly a scrap left, and we stood staring at one another.

"Why, she ain't here, after all!" says a policeman.

"I'm blest," says another.

But I couldn't speak, for I did not know what to do; but stood staring about as if I expected next to see the little darling come running up again unhurt.

"Try there," says the sergeant.

Then he turned on his light into a dark corner where the bits of wood lay, and I darted across and threw back two or three pieces, when I gave a cry, and fell on my knees again. For there was no mistake this time; I had uncovered a little foot, and there was a little white sock all blood stained; and I felt a great sob rise from my breast as I stooped down and kissed the little spot.

"Steady," said the sergeant; and then quickly, as I knelt there, they reached over me, and lifted piece after piece away, till there in the gray light of the morning, I was looking upon the little motionless figure, lying there with her golden hair, as I had fancied, dabbled in blood from a cut in her little white forehead, where the blood had run, but now lay hard and dry. Covered with blood and scraps of mortar, she lay stretched out there, and I felt as if my heart would break to see the little, peaceful face almost with a smile upon it; while, as if out of respect to my feelings, the men all drew back, till I knelt there all alone.

And now far up in the sky the warm light of the rising sun shone, and it was reflected down upon that tiny face, lighting it up with almost heavenly beauty; and as I knelt there in the still silence of that early morn, I could hear again and again a half-stifled sob from those looking on.

With trembling hands I leaned forward and raised her head; then, passing one beneath her, I rose on my knee to bear her out, when I stopped as if turned to stone, then let go, and clasping both my raw and bleeding hands to my blackened forehead as shrieking out "My God, she's alive!" I fell back insensible; for those little blue eyes had opened at my touch, and a voice, like the faintest sigh of the wind in summer, whispered the one word,

"Father!"

* * * *

That's her, sir. Fine girl she's grown, ain't she? But she was beautiful as a child. Hair ever so many shades lighter; and, unless you went close up, you couldn't see the mark of that cut, though it was some time before the scar gave over looking red.

But really, you know, sir there ought to be something done about these bilers; for the rate at which they're a-busting's fearful.

THE DYING YEAR.

How sweetly dies the year,
Serenely lapsing to its last repose!
It flamed with joy when first the end drew near;
Now hushed it sinks into its golden close,
As heart-fires burning low
Lie still and glow.

INSPECTION OF BUTTER.—Beef, flour, and pork are inspected, and the inspector's brand gives each a standing and character in the market, that is a guarantee of value to the purchaser, and a surety to the packer that he is getting whatever price the grade of his produce deserves. But the dairyman labors under a disadvantage. If he makes a most excellent article, it is classed in the market according to its locality, and if the reputation of the locality is not equal to the intrinsic worth of the article, he gains nothing for his extra care and skill, and gets only the current price for the class of butter to which his shipments belongs. Thus if Western butter has an unsavory reputation in the Eastern market, a shipment from the Western dairyman, unless he has already made a reputation for himself, is sold as Western butter at the regular quotations, which, as we write, are 10c. a pound below those for the product of New York State. Yet the best butter we ever tasted was from a Western dairy. Indeed we ourselves have had the mortification of having butter sold in the New York market at several cents a pound less than we could readily get at home for it, because it was not from the State of New York, although when afterward put up in "Orange county pails," it could be as easily sold, when its quality became known, as Orange county, at the highest rates going for that class of butter. A large dealer once told us, that he would touch nothing that was not from Orange county, New York. Now all this is an injustice to other dairymen, and really amounts to a premium upon carelessness and poor quality. Why should butter not be inspected and sold upon its merits, as first, second, or third quality, and why should not a Western dairyman, who may have equal facilities and skill with an Eastern dairyman, be as well paid for his product? In short, why should not the dealers in the New York markets, sell as good butter for the same price, irrespective of the locality in which it is made? It is well known that they do not, and the unwarrantable and unjust discrimination is made against Western butter, simply because it is Western. There is now a Produce Exchange in New York, in whose power it is to remove this ban upon butter that is foreign to Orange county, or those chosen places, which it is the custom to include in that elastic appellation, and to put it squarely upon its merits. We bring this matter to the notice of the Granges, that through them such a pressure may be brought to bear upon the dealers, as shall force them to do equal justice to all their clients, whether they happen to live in New York, Ohio, Indiana or Michigan. As good butter may be made in any one of these States, as in another, and while we point out this fact, we would impress upon our Western readers the necessity of bringing up the quality of their product, so that when it comes to be graded upon its merits, by competent and disinterested inspectors, it shall rise far above its present low estate.—*American Agriculturist.*

The intuition of the Treasury girls serves them well in the counterfeit business; and Gen. Spinner, who has had twelve years' experience in the work, says they are worth ten times as much as the men for such business. "A man always has a reason for a counterfeit," says the General; "forty, may-be, but he is wrong half the time. A woman never has a reason. She says 'tis counterfeit because it *is* counterfeit; and she's always right—though she couldn't tell how she found it out if she were to be hung for it."

A gentleman was looking into the window of a toy store the other day, when two boys halted, and one remarked: "Say, Jim, don't you wish we had ten cents to buy a present for our poor lame sister?" Jim replied that he did, and the gentleman pulled out a shinplaster and said he was glad to be able to assist them in such a praiseworthy enterprise. He met the same boys half an hour afterwards, and each had his pockets stuffed with pop-corn balls.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WILLS, WON'TS AND CAN'TS.—There are three kinds of men in the world—the Wills, the Won'ts, and the Can'ts. The first effect everything; the others oppose everything. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in slow digestion of bankruptcy. It is a lamentable fact that the latter are to be found in all conditions of society.

Celia Burleigh says: "I see no reason why a girl should not be taught the use of the jack-knife, the hammer and saw, to drive a nail, tighten a screw, or put up a shelf in her room. She should, if possible, have a garden, and be taught to take a pride in her acquaintance with Nature."

GOING TO SCHOOL.

With sampler and tangle of gayest silk,
Needles and thimble small,
Safe in patchwork pocket, and books,
With basket and dinner for all.

Down through the leafy lanes we go,
Bob and Nettie and I;
Pink and white are the orchard blooms,
And white the clouds in the sky.

The bees go singing over our heads,
The swallows are flying low,
And over the hills we faintly hear
The call of the nestling crow.

We tell who loves, and who loves not,
In the buttercup's chalice of gold,
And see in the vervains, blue and white,
The blossoming rods of old.

We sail leaf-boats down the singing brook,
Laden with violets blue;
We send them off to find a land
Where never a blossom grew.

How the links break in our chain of love,
As the years of a lifetime go!
Over one the sod has lain for years,
Over one but a winter's snow.

From the Friends' Journal.

REPUBLICS.

I observed in *The Journal* of the 3d mo. 4th, 1874, an article by J. B. Willard, in reply to this question which had been put to "our clerical friends," namely: "Has the world of humanity been made any better by your preaching?"

J. B. W. opens his reply by stating that in the year 1680, satisfactory and substantial republicanism was not known on earth; republics had been tried in antiquity, and they had failed.

We will have no controversy with friend Willard as to the doctrine that Jesus Christ taught; but it is the polity adopted in the cabin of the Mayflower that I call into question.

If I understand J. B. W. he claims that the Congregationalists established a truly Christian, democratic, civil, and ecclesiastical government; and that it is owing to the model landed at Plymouth that we are now living under a Republican instead of a despotic form of government.

I differ from friend Willard in the opinion that the preaching of the Congregationalists laid the foundation of our civil and religious liberties. I have seen a statement that an eminent divine of New England remarked to the writer that our civil and religious liberties were guaranteed to us in the Constitution of the United States by deists, such as Thomas Jefferson and Dr. Franklin. The best test that I know, by which to try individuals and communities is the fruit they bear—the criterion laid down by Jesus.

Let us then see what fruit this church bore. It appears that the Congregationalists of the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock were persecuted in their native land, and they decided to come and settle in a howling wilderness, where they might have liberty to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. But it is remarkable that they themselves became great persecutors, for they banished Baptists for preaching heretical doctrine and refusing to baptize children.

And when the Quakers came, they burnt their books, and passed a law to fine the master of a ship one hundred pounds for bringing a Quaker within their jurisdiction. And after burning their books, they put them into prison, and some into the pillory, and cut off their ears, and bored their tongues through with a red hot iron, and some they whipped at the whipping post, where one man was whipped till his flesh was almost beaten into a jelly. They tied women, stripped to the waist, to a cart-tail, and whipped them through the streets of Boston and some other towns, in the dead of winter, and then turned them loose upon the pain of death if ever they returned. But some of them felt it to be their duty to go back and warn them against their wickedness, and then these Congregational Republicans commenced hanging them. There was a Friend who went to the King, and told him there was a vein opened in his dominions, which if it was not stopped, would bleed the nation to death. The king told him if he could get a man to go, he would send a mandamus to Governor Endicott, to stop it. A Friend volunteered to go, and delivered the message to the Governor, and when he read it, he said he would obey it.

When, however, they were stopped from hanging Quakers, they began to hang one another as witches, so that they had an awful time of it. I saw an anecdote some time ago in relation to this matter, which I will relate. A certain outsider inquired of a Yankee, what it was that chased all the witches out of New England. He replied, "we have little houses dotted about over our country, called school-houses, that chased all the witches out of New England, which was as much as to say, let the mind once become enlightened, witches will then disappear like fog before the sun. As for my vouchers in those cases, I will refer my readers to the History of the United States, written by the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich; also to Hutchinson's History of New England; and Cotton Mather's Magnalia, and Sewell's History of the Quakers. As I have given you a brief review of this professed Christian republic, concocted in the cabin of the Mayflower, I will proceed to speak of a Catholic republic, Mexico. I once travelled with an American citizen, who informed me that he had lived five years in the city of Mexico, having gone with one of our ambassadors and boarded with him, so that to judge from his statement he must have been a man of some respectability. He informed me that the Church owned above one hundred and fifty millions of property in the city, and that they had about eighty churches, and about twenty-five priests for every church; and they had Mass (or meeting) every day and the biggest villains were the oftenest to get their sins forgiven, that they might be ready for the next job. For he said there were men in the city that followed killing men, as butchers in this country kill beeves, and that you could get any man you wanted killed for from five to ten dollars; and that there were generally from five to seven dead bodies brought to the Mayor's office every morning, killed by these men butchers through the night. Now this is but a bird's eye glance at the fruits that those two professed Christian Republics produced. We will just give a glance at Geneva, observing that John Calvin had Servetus burnt for not believing in his triune God. Friend Willard observes that all the republics before the Christian era were failures; to which I would remark, that I would sooner trust my life, liberty and property in Pagan, Greek, or Roman republics, than in either of those that I have alluded to. I will now give some notice to a republic that I consider as much superior to Friend Willard's Congregationalist republic, as the light of the sun is superior to the light of the moon, and that was the Republic established by William Penn in Pennsylvania.

William Penn and his friends were persecuted in the same country that the Pilgrims were, and in the space of forty years about three hundred sealed their testimonies with their blood, in dirty loathsome prisons.

The government owed Penn's father two hundred thousand dollars, and William was his sole heir. He applied to King Charles, to give him land in North America for this, and finally the King and council agreed to do so, and made him a deed for what now is called Pennsylvania. Penn then published the outlines of his government, throwing the door wide open for the persecuted and oppressed to come and settle in his province, where they should have full liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

When Penn went up to London to bid the King farewell, Charles, in his jocular way said, "Well, Friend William, I have sold you a noble province in North America, but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself."

"Yes, I have," replied William Penn. "What, venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?"

"The best security in the world," replied William Penn.

"I doubt that, Friend William. I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that with all my good-will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," Penn answered pleasantly; "I depend upon something better than thy soldiers."

The king wanted to know what that was.

"Why, I depend on themselves," replied Penn, "on their own moral sense, even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and hath appeared to all men."

"I fear, Friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America."

"Why not to them as well as to all others?" "If it had appeared to them, they would hardly treat my subjects so barbarously as they have done."

"That's no proof to the contrary, Friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them and feast them on their best fish, venison and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, called Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds for farms for themselves. Now is it to be wondered at, that much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; that burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?"

"Well, then, I hope, Friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner."

"I am not afraid of it."

"Aye, how will you avoid it, you mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?"

"Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them."

"No, indeed, how then will you get their land?"

"I mean to buy their lands of them," replied Penn firmly.

"Buy their lands of them? Why, man, you have already bought them of me."

"Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too, but I did it only to get thy good-will, not that I thought that thou had any right to their lands."

"Zounds, man, no right to their lands!"

"No, Friend Charles, no right at all; what right hast thou to their land?"

"Why, the right of discovery,—the right which the Pope and all Christian Kings have agreed to give one another."

"The right of discovery!" replied Penn, half-smiling, "a strange right, indeed. Now, suppose, Friend Charles, some canoe loads of those Indians crossing the sea, and discovering thy Island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what would thou think of it?" "Why! Why! Why!" replied Charles blushing, "I must confess I should think it a great piece of impudence in them."

"Well, then canst thou, a Christian, and Christian Prince, too, do that which thou so utterly condemns in these people, whom thou calls savage?" The king being too much staggered to make a reply, Penn thus went on:—"Yes, friend Charles; and suppose, again, these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy Island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, wouldst thou not think it cruel?"

The king, with strong marks of conviction agreeing to this, Penn thus added: "Well, then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor, even in heathens? No, I will not do it; I will buy the right to their land, though I have bought it of thee at a dear rate. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves; by doing this I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America." Penn then bade the king farewell, and started for America. When he sailed up Delaware bay, near where the city of Philadelphia is, he sent word to the Indians that he wanted to have a talk with them on the morrow, when the sun was at its half-way house, and at that time went to meet the Indians under the Elm tree.

Seeing these men, women and children, assembled under this tree, he, attended by only a few of his Friends, advanced toward them with no other mark of rank but a sash of blue silk, which is still seen in the Penn families in England. The Indians were struck at his presence. A stranger advancing towards them with no guards around his person, and no weapons of war in his hands and no armor of defence but the majestic sweetness of his own looks, was a spectacle that impressed them all with veneration. With such sentiments in his favor, they readily obeyed his signal to sit down, which they did in the form of a half moon, all eyes riveted upon him. He stretched forth his hand, and with the engaging air and voice of a brother, thus addressed them through an interpreter: "Brothers, listen. We are come to bring good to your ears. We call you brothers, and so you are, and we are your brothers, too. Yes, the red men on this side of the big water, and the white men on the other side are all children of the Great Spirit, and so must love one another and never fall out. The Great Spirit says so. He says we have no need to fall out, for he has made this world big enough for all, red and white brothers too, and he has made fish, and deer, and turkey, and corn, and everything plenty for all. And if at any time the red or white brothers want anything that the others have, they must not fight to take it away; oh no, that will make the Great Spirit angry. For he says we must not hurt one another; he also says we must not take their land from them. Did not I give this land to them and their children to hunt on. And also the buffaloes, and deer, and turkeys, and corn, and beans, and squashes. And have not I given you good things, too, a great many good things. Well, then, give some to your red brothers, and they will give you land, and live together like brothers. Now, brothers, lift up your eyes, and see here the good things which the Great Spirit has given us to bring to you." And when he exhibited the goods before them it fairly made their eyes sparkle.

Then was seen the power justice has to charm the souls of all men. Those savage faces, but now so cold and hard with hostile passions, were seen to glisten with admiration and friendship, while with smiles, such as Indians are wont to rise towards whom they love, they approached Penn; and shaking his hands called him "Brother, good brother!" They told him, too, that if he saw that they had looked angry at first, it was because they had heard from their friends the Chesapeakes, that the white men beyond had killed the Red Men and had taken their land. "Bad white men," said they, shaking their heads, "bad white men to kill their red brothers. But you no bad white man. O no, you good white man, you all same as red man, you one brother, you bring red men good things. We love you much. We give you land, and deer and turkeys plenty. You live with us, all brothers together, long as the sun and moon give light."

Great was the joy of Penn when he heard these words. They served to confirm him in his belief of that precious Scripture truth, "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men." William Penn now saw with his own eyes this truth most gloriously illustrated in these Indians. Judging from the unartificial vehemence of their tones, and their glowing looks and sparkling eyes, it were questionable whether any, the most civilized people on earth, could have expressed a higher admiration of justice than did these uneducated heathens.

The preceding is a synopsis of the history of Penn's treaty with the Indians under the elm tree, taken from Weems' Life of Penn.

Now the portraits of those Republics that I have given, tend to show the difference between a professional Christian religion and a practical Christian religion, for the latter is as much superior to the former as the light of the sun is superior to the light of the moon. How different was Penn's treatment of the Indians to that of the Pilgrims. For Penn and his Friends lived in peace and harmony with them, without forts or block houses.

The Indians revere the character of Penn to this day. The writer of this article, when a young man, was traveling in the West, and met a number of Indians. Among them was an old man who talked broken English. I asked him to what tribe he belonged, and he answered to the Delawares. I inquired whether it was the tribe that formerly lived by the Delaware river, and he informed me that it was. I asked whether he had ever heard of William Penn, and he answered that he had, adding with a strong emphasis, "Good man, good man, good man." Thus the character of Penn is revered by them to the present day. And so long as Friends had the government in their own hands, they lived in peace and harmony with the Indians, without palisade or fort, for upwards of seventy years. After, however, a lower class of emigrants came and settled on the frontiers, and began to cheat and abuse the Indians, this brought on the first trouble with them.

William Penn also proposed that if any difficulty should take place between any of his Friends and the Indians, that there should be a jury chosen of six white men and six Indians, to try the case, and their judgment should be final.

And now in conclusion, I will observe that I have given a synopsis of three professed Christian republics; and I challenge any man to show from the commencement of the Christian era, where there was a republic established more nearly upon Christian principles than Penn's.

WILLIAM MCGIBB.

THE LAST RIDE.

BY MISS NORA PERRY.

There was red wine flowing from the flagons,
The jewel-crusted flagons slim and tall,
And a hundred voices, laughing, jesting,
And a hundred toasts ringing down the hall;
For the baron held a feast at the castle,
The gay young baron, lithe and tall.

From the dais-steps the red drums beating,
And the horns and the silver trumpets blowing,
And the quick sweet rasping of the fiddles,
Set the dancers in the dance-room agoing;
And all through the palace ran the music,
And all night the red wine was flowing.

And the baron led the wassail and the dance,
The gay young baron, lithe and tall,
With gallant smiles and jests for the lovely women guests,
Till the cock crew athwart the castle wall:
But amid the lovely faces rising out of ruffs and laces
One face for the baron shone fairer than them all.

He had stolen from the drinking and the dancing,
He was standing in the doorway at her side;
He was praying, he was pleading and entreating,
A suit she coquetted and denied
He was praying, he was pleading and entreating,
When the blast of a bugle far and wide

Rang its clear silver treble in the court-yard,
Three times three, for a sharp battle-call;
And the voice of a trooper hoarsely shouted,
"Ho, barons, for the king, one and all!"
Round and round, over hill and over valley,
Far and wide rang the sharp battle-call.

Round and round rang the news of the rising,
The rising of old Coventry that night;
And the barons, one and all, at the bugle's battle-call,
Mustered forth, fifty strong, for the fight.
Corslets ringing, feathers flinging, pennons swinging—
O, it must have been a spirit-stirring sight!

Women's faces grew as white as the rose—
The white rose of York upon each breast;
Red lips in that moment lost their blooming,
Gay hearts in that moment lost their jest.
But out of fifty faces, sorrow-saddened,
There was one face sadder than the rest.

Eyes that a moment since disdained him,
Lips that were laughing and denying,
Heart that coquetted with its wooing,
Now on the wooer's breast is lying;
While the bugle rings its blast, and the troopers rattle past,
Over hill and over valley flying, flying.

And the baron rides fast, but the baron rides fast,
Over hill and over valley, rides away;
With a smile upon his face, and with a gallant grace,
As if he rode to tournament, or a hunting holiday.
But in the early dawning, in the gray of the morning,
In the front of the fight his white plumes play.

And in the early dawning, in the gray of the morning,
The red field is won ere the day's half begun;
And the cavaliers are shouting, at the roundheads routing,
Till over hill and valley comes creeping up the sun:
Then the shouts and the cheers turn suddenly to tears,
For there on the field, his brief race run,

White and still in the dawning of the wild autumn morning,
White and still, in the chill of the new-risen day,
While the roundheads are flying, the hero lies dying,
Who so late rode straight in the front of the fray;
With a smile upon his face, and with a gallant grace,
As if he rode to tournament or a hunting holiday.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A fast musician—One who plays too forte.

Time will only hang up his scythe when he is no mower.

Home stretch—The stretch across the maternal knee.

Forenoon horse-trots in San Francisco are now called matin-neighs.

Corkscrews are drawing materials not always supplied by stationers.

Lovers do the cooing before marriage, and tradesmen do the billing after it.

They don't bury colored people in Georgia. They 'form de fun'ral obs'quies, sah.

Did you ever see kittens kill mice? Did you ever see the Catskill mountains?

Kansas is now the twelfth State with a compulsory education law upon its books.

Dubuque papers got over Janauschek's hard name by calling it Jane-un-Smith.

The defeated candidate who does not go to Congress, says "there is no place like home."

The difference between the cook and her lover is, the one cooks the meat, and the other meets the cook.

Unconscionable—Head of the firm—"Want a holiday? Why, you've just been at home ill for a month!"

"A play upon words," as the fireman said when he thrust his hose into a bookseller's shop to put out the flames.

"I am very happy," said a French mother. "I have a son-in-law whom everybody discusses and a daughter whom no one talks about."

"Sekretz," says Josh Billings, "is a bad investment—If you pass it, you loze the principal; and if you keep it, you loze the interest."

Punch's mental philosophy: What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the nature of the soul? It is immaterial.

Benjamin Franklin used to spell soap "s-o-p-e," and yet there isn't a day but that some one holds him up as a great philosopher and a good man.

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddlewise?" said a gentleman. "No," said one of his guests, "cut it bridlewise, for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth."

"Heaven bless you," said John Henry, "it was the prettiest fight you ever saw. She punched away at the ivory keys like mad, and the piano-forte nobly."

"Mynheer, do you know for what we call our boy Hans?" "Do not, really." "Woll, I tells you. Der reason dat we call our boy Hans, dat ish his name."

A Mrs. Button, of California, beats the world in the cultivation of castor beans. She has castor oil upon the troubled waters, and produced a calm $600,000.

A contemporary writes of an individual who was too poor to have his boots blacked, and "trusted he was too much of a gentleman to black them himself;" so they went dirty.

An individual who was about to start a new paper in the interest of the glove makers and dealers, was rather disgusted at the suggestion that it should be called the *Hand-Organ.*

The quaintest thing of late in baby-talk—A little girl seeing a dog scratching to be let in at an opposite door, promptly knocked at the window and called out, "Ing e bell, doggy, ing e bell."

"Only a woman's hair," remarked Spivens, musingly, as he gazed down into his plate; "a red-headed woman at that!" It may be very sentimental, but somehow gets away with my appetite.

Of course, a women doesn't want her plants to freeze, but still one can't blame a man for raising a row when he hops out of bed in the morning and finds a geranium-plant in each trousers-leg.

According to the Grand Haven (Mich.) *Herald*, the champion mover left Ferrysburg the other day, for a home at Maple valley, where he intends to "settle." He has been married seven years and has six children, and has moved fifty-four times.

Answering letters is a trait possessed by every gentleman. It is considered an infallible test in the Old World. The late Duke of Wellington carried his ideas in the matter so far that he sent autograph replies to every letter ever addressed to him, except, of course, anonymous ones. Most dignified or very busy people are content to perform the duty vicariously, through a secretary.

The slang of Mark Twain's new play has reached Norristown. A gentleman returned a pound of cheese he had bought of a grocer, with the remark that it was too "lively" for his use. The grocer, somewhat offended, examined his cheese, and replied that it was worth as much as any other cheese. "Yes," returned the customer, "there's millions in it."

Many curious stories are told of the strange work types will make with what a man says or writes. Dr. Bethune once introduced into a sermon the sentence, "While men slept the devil sowed tares." Judge of his surprise when he found himself reported in a religious journal as saying, "the devil sowed trees."—An editor wrote of the burial of a young man, "Disconsolate friends stood riveted to the spot;" but his own compositors made him say, "Disconsolate fiends stood riveted to the sport." In the manuscript of his "Still Hour," Professor Phelps wrote, "A dead calm at sea," but, in the book it reads, "A dead clam at sea."

Bucks County Gazette.

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From the Scientific American.

SCIENCE AN IDOL BREAKER.

We picked up a child's book the other day, a simple little volume of fairy lore, by that quaintest and sweetest of writers for children, Hans Christian Andersen. The dusk of a cloudy afternoon melted into twilight, and still we read on about the elves and the dream children, until the pages grew dark and our eyes strained and weary. As we laid the book aside and sat musing, looking into the fire, it seemed as if the fitful shadows thrown by the flickering sea coal blaze might be the queer creatures of the story teller endowed with life; that down from those fiery caverns between the bars gnomes might peer out at us, and that the feeble ray of moonlight, which struggled into our window through a rift in the driving clouds perhaps after all might bear some message to us from the sole inhabitant of the distant orb. For the moment, we lived in the supernatural world which the romancer had conjured up; our boy belief in the fairies and elves came back; and then the fall of the coal in the grate dispelled our reverie, and as we struck a light we laughed to ourselves to think what the learned scientists, the grave professors, the busy students, and the sternly practical worker, who read the *Scientific American* would think if they but knew that we—shatterers of false idols, whose mission it is to expose anything and everything to the searching light of hard, unflinching truth—should, even for a moment, have realized the fanciful creations of a cunning storyteller.

And we yet half regretted that our impossible vagaries were mere fantasy; and as we thought further, it seemed to us that that regret was the same which impels all mankind to cling to some frail ideal on which it once has founded its futile theories. If before the world we bow to the justice of Science in toppling over our favorite idols, do we not often return furtively and alone to gather up the fragments and weep over them? Somehow the question will obtrude itself whether we are to sacrifice all our cherished convictions because some bold delver into the secrets of Nature stamps them with a fiat of denial. Is truth, so called, worthy of such immolation? Let the past answer for its first:

"It is impious to believe that valleys are scooped in the fair face of the moon," said one old Italian astronomer. "There are but seven planets, because there are seven metals, seven days in the week, and seven holes in a man's head," cried a learned professor of Padua. "Formally heretical and anathema!" thundered the Vatican, judging Galileo's theories. But "*e pur si muove*" (it moves for all that) muttered the sage as, robed in sackcloth, he arose from his knees after swearing never to teach the earth's motion around the sun.

"The project is vain and impossible," exclaimed the learned ecclesiastics of Spain to Columbus, as he unveiled his theories of the rotundity of the globe and of undiscovered regions. And neither they nor their generation would abandon their credence in the flatness of our sphere. Ponce de Leon clung to his belief in the fountain of youth, until death overtook him in the flowery land, where he had searched in vain. The toil of lives over the crucible failed to convince Paracelsus, or Bacon, or Lully, or scores of other alchemists, to the incidental products of whose labors the world owes some of its grandest discoveries, that the baser metals could not be transmuted into gold, nor the philosopher's stone found. But have not all these convictions disappeared before the light of truth?

There are thousands to-day who pursue as vain a fallacy, in the perpetual motion. A "professor" hinted at its possibility from the rostrum in this metropolis but recently. There is a goodly tome on our books shelves, in which, to the satisfaction of the writer, the circle is squared and Euclid driven to confusion. An "unknown force" is even now exciting credulous interest and eliciting even pecuniary aid from mistaken believers. Science is shedding more and more light into the mental darkness of the present, but few of her beams indicate the path of the future. Is that radiance to be so bright as to wither the harmless self-deceptions of the emotions, as well as the hurtful fallacies of the reason? Will those thoughts which awaken the love of the refined and beautiful be dispelled, and is this the cost we must pay for knowledge and truth? Is the loveliness of the flower and spray only to be associated with eclectic absorption of colored rays and chlorophyl? Must we associate the field blossom with parthenogenesis and bothrenchyma? Is music to affect only our understandings—not our hearts—and are frigid criticisms on modulation and harmony always to replace the varying emotions now excited by melody and rhythm? Modern geology ranks the Biblical account of the Creation, and Adam and Eve, Eden, the serpent, and the apple as much with allegorical tradition as the legend of Hercules, the hydra, and the golden fruit of the Hesperides. Astrology is a dead science. Zadkiel and his horoscopes, the anxious scanning of the stars to decipher their portent, arousing hopes and fears unnumbered—are but a popular superstition, gone before the spectroscope and telescope. Even the thought that some other worlds than ours are populated by beings such as ourselves, with whom some day we may communicate, is wrecked on the revelations of modern astronomy.

And ourselves: once, believed to be brothers of the angels, now, alas! according to the evolutionists, only relatives of the apes; once, sentient beings possessing a soul, allied to Divinity itself. Leaders in scientific investigations, Tyndall, Huxley, and others, tell us now that we are but masses of atoms which, drawn together by resistless and inevitable forces, form conscious machines, which in the end must submit to annihilation and appear in other shapes. We are told that, we know not that we know; that we have no evidence of our own existence. Whither in brief, are we drifting?

It is but the idle mind which allows itself to be thrown into a slough of despair by such considerations. The motto of Science is "upward and onward;" truth is the goal, and from its pursuit there can be no deviation. A great scientist has said that the more he learned the more he became convinced of the infinite littleness of his acquirements. But for all that, he did not relax an effort until struck down by death at his work. The span of our lives, be of those of thousands, is but infinitesimal beside the duration of the search for wider, better knowledge which the human mind will unendingly prosecute. If, for the moment, we lose one favorite path, to find that another to which we confide ourself leads us into thickets of doubt, it is because, perhaps unwittingly, we have strayed from the single road to truth. The course is onward, strewn as it may be behind us with discarded though regretted support; there is no retracing of steps. As Science has dissipated the falsehoods of the past, so will she dispel those of the present. That in the end she will lead us to error or abandon us in the midst of doubt and despair, we need have no fear.

WHERE HAIR COMES TO A HEAD.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes: "I have recently learned some interesting facts respecting a manufacture in which every female head throughout the land is interested, namely, the preparation of human hair and its transformation into switches, ringlets, &c. The largest establishment of this nature in the world exists in Germany. It is situated in a town called Wetzlar in the valley of the Lahn. It is the depot to which the travelling collectors of hair bring their wares to dispose of, and so extensive are its transactions that their wares are arranged in bales, each containing three and four hundred pounds of hair. These bales each contain a heterogeneous mass of human locks of every shade and texture, from raven black to flaxen blonde, from horsehair coarseness to silken fineness. This is the material in the rough, and very dirty and disgusting are often the peasant-grown tresses when brought into the factory. But fear nothing, ladies fair, respecting the cleanliness of your alien locks; all the hair is thoroughly boiled before being placed in the hands of the work-girls, of whom six hundred are employed in this establishment. The hair, when dried and smoothed, is then carefully sorted according to color and length. Good brown hair of average length is worth about $75 a pound; the highest-priced hair is pure white, long tresses of which are sold, not by the pound but by the single hair, each being valued at about half a cent. The most valuable of the natural hues is pale gold; a switch of that color was displayed, valued at nearly $100, even in that wholesale mart. The greatest curiosity there was a switch of light brown hair measuring six feet in length, and for which $100 had been paid to the original owner thereof; this unparalleled braid is not to be sold, but is to be reserved for exhibition at our Centennial."

From all accounts received, it appears the transit of Venus was an extremely well conducted affair.

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Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—*No. 48 Radcliffe St., cor. Walnut St. BRISTOL, PA.*

Thursday, December 31, 1874.

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JESSE O. THOMAS,
Bristol, Pa.

Rice & Gage, proprietors of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago have failed, and the bondholders have taken possession of the property, placing John B. Drake, of the Tremont House, in charge.

The annual meeting of the State Grange Patrons of Husbandry will be held in Williamsport on the 5th of January. Upwards of four hundred granges of the Keystone State will be represented and business of importance transacted.

At Lamar, Barton county, Missouri, Monday night, an unknown man rode up to the county jail, and through one of the windows shot and killed Hyronimus, the murderer of Colonel Norris, and fatally wounded his accomplice, Dixon, and then escaped.

Gerrit Smith, the great Abolitionist, died on last Monday, at the residence of General John Cochrane, in New York, in the 78th year of his age. The cause of his death was an apoplectic attack, which developed itself on Saturday morning.

In the January number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there is a strikingly original article on "Woman's Place in Nature," by Frances Emily White, M. D. The author is demonstrator of anatomy in the Women's Medical College, of Philadelphia, and a woman of high culture and character.

Weston's claim to have walked five hundred miles in six days is disputed by the Newark *Courier*, and it is charged by the *Spirit of the Times* that the distance actually made was not more than four hundred. Whereupon the Rochester *Democrat* says, "He reduces his miles so that a couple of feet will make them."

The police authorities of Alleghany were considerably worried for a time on Sunday morning by the breaking loose and escapade through the crowded streets of a herd of steers. After some little trouble the bovines were captured, doing less damage than was caused by the imaginary stampede in New York not long since.

On the 20th instant a child, aged about 4 years, was left at a house in Black River Falls, in Missouri, by a mysterious woman, who refused to raise her veil. It has been since observed that the child corresponds exactly with the description and picture of Charlie Ross. A photograph of the child has been sent to Philadelphia for identification.

Erie may justly boast the largest matrimonial sensation. A divorce suit was pending for some time in the courts, the husband being the complainant. A verdict was rendered against the defendant, and a separation ensued. A short time after, the divorced parties were for a second time united in wed-lock, and at present are enjoying their second honeymoon. And all within a month.

Chauncey Rose, of Terre Haute, Ind., has made a donation to institutions of $556,000, divided as follows: Terre Haute School of Industrial Science, $205,000, and the Vigo County Orphans' Home, $150,000. He has heretofore given large sums in benevolence and charity, including $100,000 to the Ladies' Aid Society of Terre Haute, $20,000 to Wabash College, and a large sum to charities in New York.

A fatal encounter took place between ex-Governor Warmouth and D. C. Byerly, manager of the New Orleans *Bulletin*, in New Orleans, on Saturday. It is stated that Byerly attacked Warmouth with a stick and knocked him down, when Warmouth, drawing a knife, stabbed his antagonist in the abdomen several times. Byerly died of his wounds the same night, and Warmouth is in jail. The cause of the tragedy was a newspaper controversy between the parties.

It is now stated that President Grant begins to realize that for him there can be no third term, and that his influence will henceforth be concentrated upon that member of the Washburne family who is at present our Minister to France. A Washington correspondent of considerable experience and with good facilities for knowing the political current and tendency, gives it as his opinion that Mr. Blaine, notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear on Mr. Washburne by the occupant of the White House, will be the Republican nominee.

Charles Wynne, aged 33, and a driver of a huckster cart, was shot by Gussie Straussler, wife of the keeper of a lager beer saloon on Fourth street below Division street, in Camden, N. J., on Saturday morning last. There had been a fight in the bar-room, and Wynne and other "roughs" had been put out of doors, but they scaled the back fence, kicked the kitchen door open, and were entering when the woman fired. The shot entered Wynne's head, killing him instantly. Mrs. Straussler is but 18 years old, and has been married five weeks only.

According to the report of the Adjutant General, the National Guard of Pennsylvania now numbers seven hundred and thirty-eight (738) officers and eight thousand two hundred and sixty-one (8,261) enlisted men, one hundred and sixty-nine (169) company organizations, twenty-one of which (nine cavalry, four artillery, and eight infantry) are unattached; the rest are all attached to regimental organizations, which now number nineteen, with one provisional battalion. The force is still sixty-two companies below its allotted quota.

The judges of the General Term of the City Court of Brooklyn rendered their decision last Tuesday upon the argument made by counsel for Theodore Tilton in the suit for damages brought by him against the pastor of Plymouth Church. The argument was an appeal from the order of Judge McCue, of the Special Term, directing the plaintiff to furnish a bill of particulars to the defendant setting forth the times and places at which the alleged offences were committed. Judges Neilson and Reynolds rendered opinions in the case reversing the order of the court below, and permitting Mr. Tilton to introduce all his proofs on the trial.

The latest newspapers received from California represent the mining-share excitement as increasing in intensity under the stimulus of the recent discoveries of ore in Nevada. Ophir shares, which within a month have sold for less than $100, sold on Saturday, Dec. 19, at $122 and before the board closed on the following Monday reached $190, which is equivalent to an increase between the boards of $6,800,000 on the whole capital stock. On the last named day California shares showed a gain of $175 and Consolidated Virginia a gain of $105 over the prices of the previous Saturday, which carries these mines to a nominal value of $50,000,000 each. These are big figures, and when the market breaks hundreds of the speculators will be ruined, while the large operators who have engineered the whole thing will in the mean time have retired from the gold with enormous spoils.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

GLIMPSES IN EUROPE.

BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND, 1874.

We left Geneva on the 10th inst. Twenty-three hours to Paris, including the long, long night. After busy days in gay Paris, which were made very interesting by visiting the Louvre and Luxemburg galleries, the Bois de Bologue, &c., we crossed from Calais to Dover; the Channel being as quiet as it ever is, we remained on deck, though we experienced some dizziness. In London, at the National Gallery, I saw the ex-Empress Eugenie, who is still very beautiful though saddened; after spending several days there very pleasantly (having visited London before), we came, two days ago and are now comfortably settled in beautiful Bournemouth. The cliffs are high and well-wooded to their very edges with Pine and Larch; pretty cottages, each with a garden of bright flowers, vines climbing over the windows, rustic gateways, &c., make the town of B. very beautiful. The very centre is occupied by shops which give it a town appearance; but the "living" part is rural and lovely. I think I shall like it better than Nice, which was more exciting. These English landscapes are so quiet and green, the lanes being in good order and constantly enlivened with equestrians. The sea is three minutes' walk from our door, and the view to the left where the cliff curves, is very fine as the surf dashes high against it. There is much variety here, which we hope to enjoy. Our home is surrounded by a beautifully-kept garden, in which from our drawing-room window I see Laurutinus five feet high, a mass of bloom, and fuchsias three feet high bending gracefully under their bloom, the fences and walls covered with luxuriant ivy, and occasionally our Virginia Creeper quite as red as I ever saw it at home. None of the other foliage is more than a sickly yellow or brown; but I like those quiet tints, as in our own autumns, early and late, and we shall have abundance of green here all winter, with much variety in the lookouts from our windows. We overlook the Exeter Road, on which is much driving, riding and walking. This is a sandy soil and the roads are beautifully kept and are as hard as a board. The sidewalk of the same is well drained, and I fancy walking is never bad. On the south-east side is the finest view of all; near by are tall trees among pretty cottages with varied outlines of gables, dormer windows, &c., then an opening to the sea; a drive almost at the water's edge, with seats along it, and the varying effects of cloud and color make this water view charming. Yester morn as we arrived here, it was a deep purple, and later a cold green. Of course I shall never again see anything like the blue Mediterranean. It is well that different countries are so different. The green fields of England, as we sped by rail from Dover to London, were very like dear Pennsylvania. In our walk and drive yesterday I saw much of Bournemouth and admired all. There are several churches of different denominations, and also good society, we learn, but of which we have had no opportunity to judge. There are nice fruits yet, though of course not the varieties which we had in Geneva and Paris. Our maid is pleased with this place, which is also important. We feel sure we shall have a charming winter. It has rained to-day, so we did not go out; it was very like our warm May rains, with birds singing, but within doors one needs a fire, and these coals burn well. I cannot write more now.

THE NOBILITY OF REFORM.

The very word reform indicates a change for the better—a turning from evil to good. Goodness never needs reformation. It is a principle of growth, not of change. A good man does not require to shift his principles in order to increase his goodness or usefulness. He only needs to cultivate those means of grace that will strengthen and deepen every conviction of right in his soul.

It is a misnomer to call any movement a reform which has not a direct tendency to make men and women better and purer. As an indispensible guarantee to success, there must be a moral strata in every reform, otherwise it will be but the senseless project of indiscreet minds. Without the essence of some moral truth permeating its entire plan the proposed reform will fail to be a power for good. Even civil reforms are based on some sense of justice and right, and whatever is right is moral, and whatever is true either in religion or politics must prevail. Error is always degrading, while battling for truth elevates and develops the highest qualities of manhood or womanhood in the advocate. Nobility has its best explanation in doing right. The noblest life is the one fullest of love, and the noblest reform that which possesses the most of truth. It is the highest work of man to love and do good to the fallen—it is a hypocritical and mean to "pass by on the other side." Goodness never soils its garments when it visits places of sin and filth with the intent to help and save, if possible, some victim of wretchedness and woe; and nobler acts do men and women perform than those that lead to sacrifices for others' good.

If, instead of sneering at reforms or of heaping upon them ridicule and abuse, we seriously considered whether there was need of them on the ground of truth and right, whether men or women thereby would be elevated and made better, and, being convinced that good may result therefrom we permitted our sympathy and earnest efforts to be enlisted in their advancement, we would not only number ourselves among the nobility of our land, but do much towards perpetuating freedom and purity to the end of time.

The Pittsburgh *Commercial* contains a story of the arrest in that city of one Charles Dezell, upon the charge of larceny. He left home (Philadelphia) for the West some time ago, to better his fortunes, but as the sequel shows, met with disappointment. The *Commercial* says:

Upon leaving his home for the West, he walked all the way to this city. He was out of means and obliged to dispose of most of his clothing before he reached this city, not being able to obtain employment at any place on his way, and finding it extremely difficult to procure the necessaries of life. He left on the 22d of October last. In this city he was unable to procure work, and two or three weeks ago being almost in a starving condition, as he was passing a cracker factory, he noticed a window pane broken, and crackers in the window. He reached his hand in to get some of the crackers, when he was arrested by a policeman and committed to jail for trial at court on a charge of larceny.

In the *Commercial* of the same date we find the following paragraph:

The fact that Mr. Hudson Henry, late Cashier of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in this city, has been found behind in his accounts some $43,000, has been given to our readers. It is due to him to say, however, that his friends, who are familiar with all the circumstances surrounding the case, have no hesitation in acquitting him of any intentional wrong.

These two extracts so tell the story of impartial justice, that comment is unnecessary. A starving, friendless wretch, in order to sustain life attempts to obtain a cracker from out a bakery window, is caught in the act and is hustled to jail on a charge of larceny. A man who is "behind in his accounts" some $43,000, has all the leniency that could be desired shown to him, is not even called a "thief," "defaulter," or other name that will offend the delicate taste of such an exalted individual. If cracker thieves want to prosper in Pittsburgh, they should walk off with $43,000 worth of crackers, and then they will surely be acquitted of any intentional wrong.

The notorious Josephine Mansfield last week recovered $25,291.00, principal and interest, in a suit against Mrs. Fisk, executrix, on two promissory notes amounting to $20,000 given her by the late James Fisk, Jr.

Six sheep owned in Cooperstown, Pa., have taken premiums at county fairs this year amounting to $8,000.

Rev. J. N. Coombs, formerly a member of the Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Conference, and for twelve years past the pastor of the Western Presbyterian Church, in Washington, committed suicide on Sunday morning, by cutting his throat with a razor. His wife has been insane for several years past, and domestic trouble is supposed to have led to the deed. Mr. Coombs was much respected, both by the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations and the public generally. His congregation, who waited patiently in the church for his appearance, were apprised of the catastrophe by Chief Justice Drake, of the Court of Claims, and received the sad news with expressions of sorrow. An inquest was subsequently held by the Coroner, and the Jury, of which Judge Drake was foreman, returned a verdict of "suicide under temporary aberration of mind."

Nicholas Borolajovak, a Servian noble, died in Paris recently under peculiar circumstances. He had been forced to leave his own country by an ugly legend which pronounced his family vampires. It was said that for three generations the eldest son in his family had invariably returned from the grave to drink the blood of its living members. Strange to say, Prince Nicholas himself believed the legend, and when he was first taken ill, five days before his death, he asked his host of the Hotel de France et de Roumanie to have his heart taken from his body as soon as life was extinct. This, he believed, would prevent him from leaving the tomb. He was a man of brilliant powers and high culture, and but for this mania regarding vampires would have proved an ornament to any rank. He was buried in Paris.

Four hundred men and women employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington were discharged on Saturday, in consequence of the transfer of a large part of the work to New York by the awarding of the contract for printing revenue stamps to the bank note companies. Instead of discharging them at the Bureau, notes were sent to their residences, and the affecting scenes of former dismissals were spared the Treasury officials.

To buy property for $45,000, pay for it out of a loan of $70,000 on a deed showing the consideration to have been $100,000, is a shrewd, though possibly not an illegal transaction, but it does not commend itself to the ordinarily honest man. A transaction of this character is reported in the New York *Tribune*, and may have the good effect, however, of securing a law which prohibits the insertion in a deed of a falsely exaggerated consideration.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY have added to their collection at Fairmount Park, a pair of African Lions, a Royal Bengal Tiger, and a black Leopard. They have also purchased and will receive during the coming week, the largest Indian Elephant in this country; also an African Elephant, a full-grown Rhinoceros, Zebra and Ibex.

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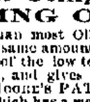
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617

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BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 18 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS,
&c.,
Bought and sold on Commission.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals, received on favorable terms. 616

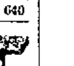
JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
41 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, with Gold's Patent Cast-Iron Radiators. Wood's American Kitchener, and Paris Ranges.
GRIFFITHS' PATENT ARCHIMEDIAN VENTILATORS.
Steam Fitting in all its branches.
JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
615 41 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.

"Wheeler & Wilson"
New Draw Feed, and the No. 6
SEWING MACHINES.
E. S. PERCIVAL,
4320 Main Street, - - FRANKFORD.
All kinds of old Machines taken in exchange.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. 300

C. LEUTZ,
Furniture Warerooms,
431 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Old Furniture neatly Repaired Re-Upholstered and Varnished.
Hair and Spring Mattresses made to order. 660

Furniture, Bedding and Feathers.
Everything Complete for Furnishing a House.
LARGEST STOCK! LOWEST PRICES!
IVINS & BRO.,
Nos. 64, 66 and 68 North Second Street,
PHILADELPHIA. 640

GEO. D. SMITH,

621 & 623 North Second Street,
Between Green and Coates Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
FURNITURE.
A large assortment of the best made at the lowest Cash Prices. 314

SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR.
JACOB B. RIEBEL,
Wholesale and Retail
Furniture Warerooms,
1025 *North Second Street,*
PHILADELPHIA.
All kinds of Furniture, Mattresses, &c., constantly on hand. 409

ESTABLISHED 1833.
MOORE, YORK & HOWELL,
SPECIALTY.
FINE FURNITURE.
Warerooms 261, 263 & 265 South Second St.
311 PHILADELPHIA.

WM. BOOZ ANDERSON,
(FORMERLY OF BRISTOL, PA.,)
Venitian Blind & Shade
MANUFACTORY,
No. 1216 North Second Street,
PHILADELPHIA. 387

ESTABLISHED 1860.
FOR CHEAP MUSLINS,
CALICOES,
DRESS GOODS,
Silks, Fine Shawls, &c.;
GO TO
S. Wertheimer's,
703 *North Second Street, Philadelphia.*
Also a large variety of German Dress Ginghams, sold at very low figures.
A large assortment of the very best Ticking, constantly on hand
Our MOHAIRS and ALPACAS are a specialty
Please give us an early call.
S. WERTHEIMER,
459 703 N. Second st., PHILA.

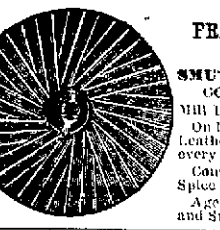
FURNITURE.
ESTABLISHED 1847.
S. B. REGISTER,
DESIGNER, MANUFACTURER, AND DEALER IN
Fine WALNUT and COTTAGE Furniture.
The WOVEN WIRE SPRING, HAIR, and HUSK MATTRESSES constantly on hand.
The Patent PARLOR FOLDING, CAMP, RECEPTION and FANCY CHAIRS, for Embroidery, a specialty.
Repairing, Varnishing and Upholstering promptly attended to.
Furniture carefully packed, removed and stored.
No. 526 Callowhill Street, Philad'a. 416

Furniture Warerooms
AND
MANUFACTORY.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST
CABINET WARE.
AT REDUCED RATES.
PARLOR, CHAMBER & DINING-ROOM SUITS,
OF EVERY STYLE.
Also, BEST HAIR AND HUSK
MATTRASSES, &c., &c., &c.
Persons intending to purchase, will do well to call, and examine the Stock.
DAN'L M. KARCHER & SONS,
236 & 238 South Second Street,
296 PHILADELPHIA.

FURNITURE.
ROBERT FREEMAN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Well Made, Reliable & Substantial
Black Walnut
Chamber, Parlor, Library,
AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE,
Cottage Chamber Sets,
EXTENSION TABLES,
CHURCH AND LODGE CHAIRS,
MATTRESSES;
All kinds of Furniture MADE TO ORDER.
45 *North Second Street,*
(Between Market and Arch Sts.)
PHILADELPHIA. 468

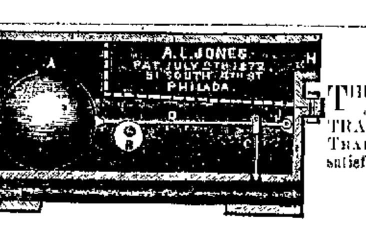
DORN & LAWRENCE,
CURTAIN and WINDOW SHADE
UPHOLSTERY,
AT 937 SPRING GARDEN STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
Are prepared to furnish anything in their line, such as
LACE CURTAINS,
NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS,
HEAVY CURTAINS,
DRAPERIES AND LAMBREQUINS,
GILT AND WALNUT CORNICES,
Of every description.
LACE SHADES AND PAINTED SHADES,
In great variety.
MATERIALS FOR SLIP COVERS,
Covers Cut, Fitted and Made to order.
CHINTZ CURTAINS & LAMBREQUINS,
In Select Patterns.
SHADE FIXTURES AND TRIMMINGS
In great variety, including the most approved
PATENT SPRING ROLLERS.
PICTURE CORDS AND TASSELS,
FRINGES AND GIMPS,
On hand or made to order.
Having had Nine Years' Practical Experience in one of the best houses in the country, we are justified in saying, that everything will be executed in a satisfactory manner, and with promptness and dispatch.
DORN & LAWRENCE,
760 937 Spring Garden St., Philad'a.

Philadelphia.

SAMUEL R. BLAKE. P. M. WALTON.
BLAKE & WALTON,
1031 and 1033 GERMANTOWN AVENUE, Philadelphia,


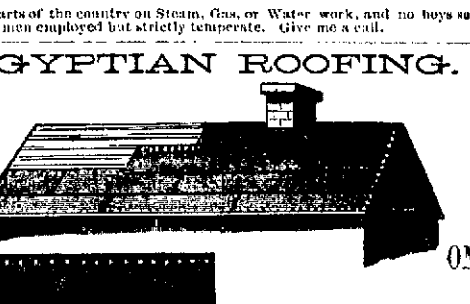
Manufacturers of
FRENCH BURR MILL STONES,
Portable Mills,
SMUT MACHINES, BRAN DUSTERS,
COB AND PLASTER BREAKERS,
Mill Bushes, Shafting, Pulleys and Hangers.
On hand, Cocalico and Esopus Mill-Stones, Leather and Gum Belting, Millers' supplies of every description.
Contractors for Building Grain, Saw, Drug, Spice and Paint Mills.
Agents for the California Wheat-Cleaner and Smutter Combined. 783

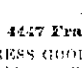
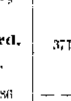
AMOS HILLBORN & CO.,
Bedding, Furniture, Mattress, Feather,
Blanket and Bed-Clothing
WAREROOMS,
Nos. 21 and 23 North Tenth Street,
Above Market,
794 PHILADELPHIA.



THIS cut shows the inside view of A. L. JONES' PATENT IMPROVED STEAM TRAP—the only self-regulating reliable STEAM TRAP in the world. Warranted to give entire satisfaction. For explanation, send for circular.

STEAM, GAS AND WATER.
ALONZO L. JONES,
No. 51, Late of Nos. 150 and 152 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
PRACTICAL STEAM AND GAS FITTER, AND PLUMBER.
Engineers' Supplies, Best Steam Trap in the World, Damper Regulators, Low Water Detectors, Steam Gauges, Valves, Pipes and Fittings, at the LOWEST MARKET RATES. Also, HYDRAULIC RAMS.
Men sent to all parts of the country on Steam, Gas, or Water work, and no boys sent to do a good mechanic's job, and no men employed but strictly temperate. Give me a call. 749

EGYPTIAN ROOFING.
More Durable Than Tin.

Less than ONE-HALF the cost.
FOR STEEP OR FLAT ROOFS.
Can be applied by inexperienced persons. Turned out by machinery. A finished roofing ready to lay on the building. Send for a circular.
MINER & BANNISTER, Manufacturers,
768 Office, 105 North Fourth Street. Factory, Berks above Ninth, PHILADELPHIA.
W. H. PAXSON, Agent, Bristol.

Farms and Homes

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED
In Maryland, Virginia, Iowa, Kansas, &c.,

For sale by
WM. M. McKNIGHT, Real Estate Agent,
767 707 Samson Street, Philadelphia.

REBECCA S. HARPER,
Dry Goods, Trimmings,
AND NOTIONS,
No. 4447 Frankford Avenue, Frankford.
DRESS GOODS, OIL-CLOTHS, &c., cheap.
Pinking and Stamping done to order.
Cheapest Goods in town. 386

C. F. ZIMMERMANN,
236 & 238 North Second Street, Philada.,
IMPORTER OF ALL KINDS OF
Musical Instruments.
A full assortment of Band Instruments always on hand. 310

Go to the
GREAT BOSTON 99 CENT STORE,
No. 227 North Eighth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Fancy Toys and Domestic Articles,
TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
All articles marked, nothing less than 99 cents.
769

Santa Claus is Coming!
He is stopping for the present at FRANKFORD, at the store of
ECKERSLEY & McFARLAND,
4603 MAIN STREET,
Where he is laying in a supply of TOYS of every description—also Masks of all colors. Call and see for yourself, the great variety of Toys, Masks, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed. 770

Toys! Toys! Toys!
LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK OF
TOYS AND FANCY GOODS,
AT
McCADDEN & SMITH'S,
833 and 835 North Second Street,
PHILADELPHIA. 639


Basket Factory, Toy and Variety Store,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Baskets of all kinds made to order.
Baskets Repaired. Also new styles of WILLOW SLEIGH BODIES kept on hand and made to order.
C. A. SIMPSON,
No. 339 North Second St., bel. Callowhill,
712 PHILADELPHIA.

PROTECT YOUR
Lives and Property
BY USING TESSY'S
Non-Explosive LAMP BURNER.
By using this burner your lamp is as safe as if it had water in it instead of oil. For if your lamp upsets or falls, the light is put out at once. What puts the light out is a glass cone falling in the flame cap, shutting off the draft, putting the light out instantly. It is safe again, because it keeps cool. No matter how poor the oil you use, it takes heat to generate gas from it, consequently if you have no heat there is no gas generated, which is the cause of the lamps exploding. Now what keeps it cool is the glass cone, glass being partly a non-conductor of heat, and formed in the shape of a cone centers the draft around the wick tube, and throws the heat out instead of letting it go down into the lamp, so it is impossible for an accident to occur. We throw more oxygen into the blaze, consequently we have a brighter light, as oxygen is the cause of light upon all inflammable substances, one that neither breaks the chimneys nor smokes them, for in the brightness of the light there is no smoke nor heat to expand and break them.
For sale by
T. SKINNER, General Agent,
No. 2422 North Second St., Philada.
A good Agent wanted for Bristol and vicinity. 414



J. H. RICHELDERFER'S BAZAAR, 1032 Chestnut street, S. E. cor. 11th, Formerly 993 Chestnut st., Philadelphia. **Gents' Furnishing Goods** of every description.—Shirts, Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, &c. Shirts made to order. Gents' patent Spring and Buttoned Over-Gaiters, (cloth, leather, linen, &c.) Riding and Hunting Leggings. Ladies' Over-Gaiters and Skirt-Supporters, Children's Cloth and Velvet Leggings, on hand or made to order, wholesale and retail. Ladies' and Gents' best Kid Gloves. **PRUSSIAN SALVE**, for Corns, Bunions, Sprains, In-Grown Nails and Warts. Certain cure. J. H. RICHELDERFER, Sole Agent for the United States, 1032 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 809

A. J. ELDER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Tobacco and Segars.
CHEWING and SMOKING Tobaccos of every kind constantly on hand.
LOTZBACK German Snuff a specialty.
236 1107 N. Second St., Philadelphia.

SUMMERS A. SMITH,
Wholesale Dealer in
TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.,
132 Market Street, Philadelphia.
371

FR. OELLSAGHER,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Tobacco and Cigars,
No. 1854 North Front Street, Philadelphia,
Opposite Kensington Depot, Second Cigar Store below Berks Street.
All kinds of FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO, for sale at the lowest price, and satisfaction given. 665

CHARLES W. KETLER,
Wholesale Dealer in
CIGARS
Leaf and Manufactured Tobacco,
NO. 700 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Branch Store: 847 North 13th Street.
664

J. W. CROWELL,
Dealer in
Leaf and Manufactured Tobacco,
SEGARS, SNUFFS, PIPES, &c.,
No. 418 North Second Street,
And 520 North Tenth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Agent for GAIL & AX'S Smoking Tobacco. 761

SLATE MANTELS
ESTABLISHED 1853.
Of the latest and most beautiful designs; and all other Slate Work on hand or made to order.
Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 Ridge Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
614 WILSON & MILLER.

Rural and Suburban Improvements
PLANNED AND DIRECTED BY
Walter Elder,
LANDSCAPE GARDENER,
No. 1231 Rodman Street, Philad'a.

SECURE yourselves and family from the horrors of Explosion caused by the use of low grade COAL OILS, BURNING FLUIDS, &c., &c., by using the
Argus Oil Company's
BURNING OIL.
Being more dense than most Oils in use, it will yield more light for the same amount of money than can be had from any of the low test oils now sold. It is perfectly odorless, and gives a clear, steady light. It is put up in Moore's PATENT TRANSPORTATION CAN, which has a well-finished brass faucet, from which Lamps may be filled *direct*, thus doing away with the extra can, generally used to fill the lamp with.

5 galls. of Oil and Can			$3 00
10 do.	do.	do.	5 00
5 do.	Cans refilled for		1 50
10 do.	do.	do.	3 00

See that the Seal "Argus," covering the cork has not been broken. To be sold in cans only. A *liberal discount* to responsible dealers.
ARGUS OIL COMPANY,
425 218 *N. Second St., Philad'a.*

Shirts! Shirts!
THE SHIRT OF THE PERIOD.
HETHERINGTON'S
Celebrated Vest Fitting Shirt
is unrivalled for perfection of fit, durability of material and elegance of style and finish.
FINE DRESS SHIRTS A SPECIALTY,
Ready made, and made to order.
Special attention paid to customer work.
A perfect fit guaranteed, and material warranted as represented.
If you want a perfect fitting Shirt, combining ease, grace, durability and economy in price, go to
F. W. HETHERINGTON'S
FINE SHIRT EMPORIUM AND GENTS' FURNISHING BAZAR,
No. 2137 N. Front St., below Otis St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Manufacturer of Shirts and Shirt Bosoms, and Dealer in all kinds of Gentleman's Furnishing Goods.
PRICE LIST and Rules for Self-measurement sent on application. 477

Organs! Organs!
THE CELEBRATED
MANNING CABINET ORGANS.

Wholesale and Retail.
WHITE BROTHERS, Agents,
245 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
Cheap for Cash, or instalments of $10 per month.
Send for Price List. 707

J. M. SHEPPARD,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
605 NORTH TENTH STREET,
Above Buttonwood,
PHILADELPHIA.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired. Weddings Rings and Society Badges made to order.
653

CHAS. C. JONES,
PHOTOGRAPH and FERROTYPE
GALLERY,
No. 508 North Second Street, (above Noble.)
PHILADELPHIA.
Pictures taken in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Particular attention paid to taking children and copying. All Photographs are made from fine retouched Negatives. 741

L. A. SAWYER,
PHOTOGARPHER,
No. 139 North Eighth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Photographs; Ferrotypes; Pictures in Ink, Oil, or Water Colors; Pictures on Porcelain; Passepartouts; Frames. 712

WILLIAM NAU'S
New Photographic and Art Gallery,
NO. 834 NORTH SECOND STREET,
(Below Poplar),
PHILADELPHIA.
Pictures of all kinds taken in the Best and Latest Styles.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to children.—Great inducements in large Photographs. Pictures finished in Oil, India Ink and Water Colors. Particular attention to copying. 661

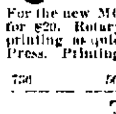
1518. 1518.
BUTTERFIELD'S
GROUND FLOOR
Photograph Gallery,
1518 FRANKFORD ROAD,
Philadelphia.
No stairs to climb.
ONE SQUARE BELOW KENSINGTON DEPOT.
641

W. H. RHOADS,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
No. 1800 Frankford Ave.,
Corner Montgomery Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
The Illuminated Photograph
IN GREAT VARIETY.
Particular attention given to
LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS
In Oil, Crayon, India Ink and Water Colors.
Established and in successful operation since 1860.
642

BOWEN'S
STUDIO OF ART.
(Late Union Crayon Gallery.)
EXQUISITE PHOTO'S.
Also, particular attention given to
Life Size Pictures
In Oil, Crayon, India Ink and Water Colors. Satisfaction guaranteed.
S. E. Corner Eighth and Arch Streets,
703 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHARLES V. TOLSON. C. S. TOLSON.
C. V. TOLSON & BRO.,
BOSTON
Steam Dyeing and Scouring Establishment,
No. 429 North 8th St., Philadelphia.
Cleaning done by a new process. Gentlemen's clothing a specialty. Also, Ladies' Silk Dresses, Moire Antique Opera Cloaks and woolen fabrics. Dyeing in all its fine branches in the most artistic manner—Feathers, Kid Gloves, Gaiters and Parasols. All orders received will be promptly executed and delivered. 709

Northern Liberty Spring Works.
J. GORMAN. H. DONNELLY. C. LESTRANGE
JOHN GORMAN & CO.,
401 North Fifth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Coach, Carriage, Fire Engine and Express Wagon Springs, made of the best elastic steel. Every spring tested at the Works and warranted to give satisfaction. Repairing promptly attended to. 432


PRINTING PRESSES,
JUST THE KIND YOU WANT.
Only $10,
For the new MODEL PRESS. Self-Inking Presses for $20. Rotary Power Presses from $80 to $125, printing as quick and as good as the $500 Gordon Press. Printing Materials and Type on hand at
W. C. EVANS,
730 50 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

TRY THE
Great Cough Remedy.
BYRAM'S Celebrated Balsam of Honey, Wild Cherry and Tar.
A Cure for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Phthisic, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, Consumption, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Infants in Croup, &c.
This pleasant and effectual Cough Remedy, has been used in hundreds of families, curing thousands of severe cases.
Over 50,000 Bottles sold!
Everybody Likes It!
Children Cry for It!
Everybody should keep it in the Family.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
804

JOS. A. DUBOIS. SAML. J. YOUNG.
DUBOIS & YOUNG,
Ice Cream & Dining
SALOONS,
No. 504 North Second sts., PHILA.
Weddings, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with every variety of Plain and Fancy Cakes. Ice Cream wholesale and retail. 449

WAGNER'S
LADIES' AND GENTS'
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS,
69 North Second St., (2 doors bel. Arch),
Formerly, 52 Delaware Avenue.
The finest and best Oysters in the city. 239

WILLIAM ALLEN'S
DINING ROOMS,
138 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Where he is prepared to furnish the best and cheapest Meals in Philadelphia.
N. B.—Best quality Ice-Cream. 237

To Get a Good Dinner,
GO TO
R. W. CLARK'S
TEMPERANCE
DINING SALOON
No. 34 North Sixth Street,
just below Arch street,
PHILADELPHIA.
393

JOHN J. SLIFER'S
(SUCCESSOR TO JACKSON & SLIFER)
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
RESTAURANT
AND
DINING SALOONS,
532 *ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.*
GENTLEMEN OR LADIES visiting Philadelphia will find in our COMMODIOUS SALOONS all the delicacies of the season, prepared by experts in the art of cooking, and AT MODERATE PRICES.
In connection with the Dining Department we give particular attention to our
Oyster Trade.
By well selected stock, polite attendants, and personal supervision, we aim to merit continuous patronage. 604

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, December 31, 1874.

☞ THERMOMETRICAL REPORT for the week ending Wednesday, December 30.—Furnished by JESSE B. MEARS, as noted at Bristol Post-Office:

		7 A.M.	2 P.M.	6 P.M.
Th'sday, Dec.	24	41	45	37
Friday, "	25	27	35	30
Saturday, "	26	31	48	41
Monday, "	28	44	55	55
Tuesday, "	29	50	47	37
Wed'day, "	30	23	29	27

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 9.00, A. M., 3.30 and 5.45 P. M; Arrives 8.00, A. M., 4.30 and 6.00, P. M.

NEW YORK—Closes 8.30, A. M., 3.30, 5.45 P. M. Arrives 11.30 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Closes 7.15, 8.30, A. M., 3.30, P. M arrives 10.30, A. M., 4.00 and 7.00 P. M.

PRINCETON, NEW BRUNSWICK, RAHWAY, ELIZABETH, NEWARK and JERSEY CITY, closes 8.30 A. M., 3.30 P. M.; arrives 10.30 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10.00, A. M., 5.45, P. M; arrives 9.45, A. M., 6.00, P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE, HULMEVILLE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN, PINEVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10.00, A. M; arrives at 9.45, A.M.

TULLYTOWN and MORRISVILLE, and POST OFFICES on the B. D. R. R., closes 7.15, A. M; arrives 4.30, P. M.

DOLINGTON—Arrives 9.30, A. M; closes 10.00, A. M.

JESSE B. MEARS, P. M.

THE "GAZETTE" FOR 1875.

We will send the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE for 1875 with other publications, postage free in all cases, payment to be made invariably in advance, as follows:

Gazette and Harper's Magazine	$5 25
Gazette and Harper's Weekly	5 25
Gazette and Harper's Bazaar	5 25
Gazette and Scribner's Monthly	5 25
Gazette and St. Nicholas	4 40
Gazette and Atlantic Monthly	5 25
Gazette and Galaxy	5 25
Gazette and American Agriculturist	3 10
Gazette and Littell's Living Age	8 75
Gazette and Old and New	5 25
Gazette and Appleton's Journal	5 25
Gazette and The Popular Science Monthly	6 00
Gazette and New York Medical Journal	5 25

THE advantage of our clubbing terms with other periodicals is open to old subscribers as well as new.

Persons desiring to order more than one of the above named publications in connection with the GAZETTE, are invited to send for terms. Address,

JESSE O. THOMAS,
Bristol, Pa.

$50 SPECIAL PREMIUM.

In order to extend the circulation and usefulness of the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE, the following inducements are offered to those in want of profitable employment, and others to procure subscribers for it:

On the fifth day of April, 1875, a premium of

FIFTY DOLLARS

will be paid to the person who shall, between the present time and the date above mentioned have forwarded to this office the largest number of new subscriptions *exceeding fifty*. *Provided* that each new subscription shall be for a full year (beginning with any number) and that there shall be at least *five competitors* for the premium. In case of a tie, the order of time of receipt shall decide, and nothing sent after March 31st or received after April 3d will be allowed in the decision. A commission of *twenty-five cents* will be allowed for each subscriber as forwarded, to be retained by the person sending the name and subscription price. The first five subscribers will also entitle the canvasser to a copy of the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE for one year. Canvassers can also avail themselves of the inducements offered by our club terms with the valuable and attractive periodicals of the day, giving the choice of the best magazines at a large reduction in cost.

Every competitor should announce his or her intention with the first subscription forwarded, and a receipt in full for a year ($2.00) will be sent from this office directly to the person indicated.

Write legibly all parts of the address.

The address of the person awarded the premium will be promptly forwarded to each competitor. Address

JESSE O. THOMAS,
Bristol, Pa.

SORTS.

IT is expected that the Water-Works will be in operation by the first of February.

THE Lumberton Granite Company has just erected a large frame shed on its property, to be occupied for dressing stone.

WATCH-NIGHT services will be held this evening, commencing at 9 o'clock, in the M. E. Church, Bristol.

THE steamboat "John A. Warner" still makes her regular trips between Bristol and Philadelphia. The "Twilight" has laid up for the winter.

ON last Monday the members of the First Baptist Church of Bristol held a meeting and gave a call to Rev. C. E. Harlen, of Ridley Park, Delaware county, Pa.

THE *Luminary*, published at Yardleyville, has suspended publication, and is offered for sale, on account of the continued ill health of the proprietor, W. H. Shively.

HON. J. PAUL KNIGHT, the Republican member of the Legislature from this county leaves for Harrisburg next Saturday. The Legislature convenes on next Tuesday.

ON last Thursday night some thieves entered the blacksmith shop of David Landreth, at Bloomsdale, and captured a wagon load of iron. The iron was carried from the shop to the turnpike and loaded into the wagon.

THE old stone house on Otter street, near the borough line, and lot 30 ft. front by 154 ft. deep, belonging to the estate of the late John Feaster, is reported to have been sold, on Saturday last, to Andrew Schaffer, for $375.

C. N. TAYLOR has bought of Joshua Peirce 45 feet of ground on Lafayette street, giving in payment therefor the old forge building and its contents. Of what this may consist, those familiar with its erection are more competent to judge than ourselves.

"THE Week of Prayer" will be observed in the Presbyterian Church. Services will be held in the lecture room every evening, at 7½ o'clock, commencing on Monday, the 4th of January. The people are cordially invited to attend.

THOS. H. KEMBLE, of Philadelphia, brother to the Ex-State Treasurer, has bought of Joshua Peirce, 47 feet of ground on the corner of Lafayette and Pond streets, at $12 per foot, and 60 feet of ground at the corner of Pond and Logan streets, at $8 per foot-front on Logan street.

ON last Thursday the body of a dead infant was found in the meadows above the depot, between the railroad and canal. Dr. Rousseau made a post mortem examination and testified at the Coroner's inquest that the child was dead at birth. No further particulars were elicited at the inquest.

On Christmas afternoon, a gang of about twenty roughs, considerably under the influence of liquor, attacked George Crammer, a quiet and inoffensive man, in Davis' Hotel. Crammer succeeded in laying out seven of the party, before he was overpowered by superior numbers. Three of the number named Whiteley, Elmer and McElvaine, were subsequently arrested, and had a hearing before Esquire Wharton, who bound them over for their appearance at Court.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Hulmeville Entertainment in Behalf of the Poor and Needy.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—No report having been made to our Bristol papers last week, of this highly creditable performance, comprised altogether of local talent, which came off on the 19th inst. in Johnson's Hall, Hulmeville, and the extreme modesty or reticence of their local editor of the *Beacon*, in commending more particularly alone the admirable recitation of Miss Alma Sager, a pupil of Bellevue, and the readings of Miss M. A. Bache, of Bristol, deserving as were the rendering of their tasks, I am impelled by a sense of well-earned merit, equally due, (in which I would avoid particularizing altogether, among such equalled abilities,) to say that the whole performance was first class; and yet I may be adjudged as falling into line with your cotemporary, should I specially commend, as is most fairly due, the parts taken by the Misses Brinckloe and Harrison, as ranking as near proficiency as the most accomplished ear and practice could have looked for. The musical execution of Miss Minnie Harrison was, in my hearing, pronounced by a thoroughly accomplished vocalist, who sat near me, to have been faultless, while she bore the heaviest part throughout the whole performance: and she, too, is a pupil of Bellevue Institute. The piano and organ duet, "Faust Valtzes," performed by the Misses Brinckloe and Lovett, was really charming as well as novel, filling with delight every listener, and was to me (if not to some others) more pleasing than that performed on these two instruments, by C. T. and Miss Harrison, but which latter, by the way, was far more difficult to harmonize. The instrumental music by Messrs. E. F. Vandegrift, on the violin, and C. Markgraf on the clarionet, were well appreciated, as also the vocal solos of Miss Bingham and Miss Hay. The local orchestra of Hulmeville, (whether improvised for the occasion or not,) displayed a high order of musical talent for the place; and it may be added truthfully, that there can be no real necessity, in getting up a first class entertainment, in looking elsewhere than to their own and neighboring towns and boroughs, in making up a role of accomplished artists and performers.

A word about Johnson's Hall.—You have heretofore admitted to your columns commendatory notices of the very creditable hall at Newportville; but of the two, in my judgment, Johnson's Hall much surpasses. It is wider, has a more ample staging, and is well lighted throughout with drop burners, while the ceiling is proportioned in hight so as to render the faintest sound distinctly audible in every part, which is a matter of first importance in all public halls. It has, also, a more conveniently accessible entrance. Still, it is pity that the ceiling was not deadened to sound before the laying of the floor above.

In attending this gratifying exhibition, there was but one thing which marred my own perfect enjoyment—(it may have been provoked in selfishness, to be sure.)—but I was constantly harassed with the regret that our nearest neighboring towns should so far lead Bristol in advancement, both in their preparedness to bring out and display local talent, and in having at command two such creditable halls, where they can assemble for social and mutual instruction and rational entertainment. W. B.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Every one who reads a newspaper must know something about the sweeping ravages of the grasshoppers last summer in Kansas and Nebraska. When two or three of these animated insects are gathered together they are not especially objectionable, but when they come in darkening clouds and cover the earth like snow, where every flake has a greedy mouth and a hungry stomach, then they are not welcome. Thus came they among the farmers of the far west, and the evil that they have done lives after them.

Commendable efforts have been made in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, to relieve the wide-spread destitution that exists in the path channelled by the destroying pests. All that will be done in this direction will be far inadequate to the urgent necessities of the unfortunate victims. Bristol should not remain indifferent to this good and pressing work. The least beneficence is useful. We can form no idea of the great suffering of men, women and children in those distant regions, who could not have averted the mischief which now bears its fruit among them in manifold miseries. It is easy for some one to be selected who will take charge of any fund that may be raised for the sufferers, and when this is done every one should consider it a privilege to contribute something, even if the amount be small. There are very few who are so poor that they cannot spare a trifle. The inconvenience to those who give will be small compared with the painful destitution they will aid in relieving. Who can turn a deaf ear to the forced appeals of those stricken people? Their plight is pitiable. It rouses our commiseration, and should command our bounty. Stand not upon the order of your giving, but give at once. MARGERY.

Bristol, December 28, 1874.

WARMINSTER NOTES.—Edwin Lacey, of Ivyland, is building a large freight-house at his own expense, sixteen feet wide by thirty-four feet long, the only one along the railroad as yet.

Stray turkeys found too many owners in this vicinity the past month. Some of our farmers claimed certain turkeys for hatching them, while others claimed and sold them for fattening them.

J. M. Kregson, carriage builder, Hartsville, has made an assigoment for the benefit of his creditors.

The North Penn Railroad freight their rails for the new road to Ivyland. They are then hauled to Brownsville by our farmers at 40 cts. apiece.

At the public sale held Monday, Dec. 21st, of the real estate of Edwin Lacey situated on Mud Lane road, in Warminster, and containing about 63 acres, it was not then sold, but has since been disposed of at private sale to Benjamin Worthington, for $3500.

Six more converts were baptized on Sunday last at the Davisville Baptist Church, and a greater number are expected to be baptized next Sunday. There have been thirty-eight persons baptized in the month of December.

LAST Monday night, policemen Thorp and Constable Pettit, arrested a desperado hailing from Trenton, named Casper Allen. Allen is an individual who has three wives living, and about a year ago he served out a sentence in the penitentiary for bigamy. On last Monday night he saw one of his wives at Mrs. Nelsons's on Wood street. She was holding a candle in the cellar while a boy was shovelling coal. Allen stood outside and pointed a pistol through the iron grating of the coal hole and snapped it at his wife. For some cause the load was not discharged. The police were notified, and after considerable trouble, succeeded in arresting him. During the struggle at the time of his capture Allen snapped his pistol several times at the officers, but fortunately for them the pistol would not go off. Allen had a hearing on Wednesday before Esquire Wharton and was sent up to Doylestown to await trial at court. At the preliminary examination he pretended to be insane.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday, December 30th, 1874: George Bailey, Charles Boice, Dennis Callahan Patrick Callahan, Phillip Callahan, Jonathan Carter, Joseph H. Cooper, Joshua Corson, Giles Craven, Lewis Darragh, Annie Doherity Thomas Doyle, Dominick Dugan, Annie Flynn, Charles Freeman, Annie Gallagher, John Gorman, Hannah Harrison, William Herrington, William Hibbs, Joseph Johnson, Annie Leibert, James Leslie, Charles Larue, Ellen Martin, Mrs. Malston, Kate E. Murray, Maggie McDonald, Annie McGinley, Samuel Richards, Mary Simon, William H. Scott, George L. Smith, Charles Tomlin, Roger Waters, Thomas Williams.

FRUIT HOUSES OF NATHAN HELLINGS.

The extensive fruit houses of Nathan Hellings are situated on the Delaware river, two miles above Bristol and about twenty-one miles from Philadelphia. They are located in the immediate neighborhood of Landreth's Bloomsdale farm, and a walk on a bright morning at this season of the year, over the splendid road leading from Bristol, is replete with interest and pleasure to a stranger. One's mind is regaled with the manifold interests of the river, the railroad, the large buildings for domestic and agricultural uses, and the public highway, with its heavy fringe of cedar trees, until the fruit houses are reached. Here we are at once the guest of Mr. Hellings, who shows and describes to us his establishment as near as the interest of his business will permit. The main building is a four-story Trenton brown stone, with dimensions 50 by 60 feet, a wall 32 inches in thickness, and a ten-foot square observatory, which affords a means of escape for foul air, as well as to command an unobstructed view of the surrounding country. It is built after his own patent for the successful preservation of fruit, both domestic and foreign. In the fall of the year domestic fruits are housed and in the spring foreign fruits are here stored for preservation. The building is constructed in such a manner as to avoid all changes of temperature outside, and, at the same time it is so well ventilated that one could breathe and live on good air were he confined therein. A temperature of from 340 to 360 is maintained, and the building is so dry and free from moisture that a sheet of wet paper will dry in a short time. There is no mildew nor mould observable upon the walls. A continual current of dry air passing through the building dries the moisture and prevents mildew. And ice-bed, in the centre of the building, carrying about 1,200 tons of ice, is filled during the winter for cooling the house during the summer season. The first floor is some ten feet under ground in front, which is partly overcome by the slope toward the river, and from the back entrance extends a double-track railroad to the wharf, over which fruit is conveyed on a car from the boats to the building. It is perfectly dark in the building, for there are no windows, and a lamp is needed to light our way in climbing over the mountainous mass of barrels filled with fruit. Finding our way to the opposite side of the ground floor from where we entered, we pass through a tunnel six feet in width, which leads to the store-room under the barn, fourteen feet distant from the main fruit house. Here we climb over another great stack of barrels, stooping while crossing the top that we fracture not our heads by bumping them against the beam of the floor above. This room, which is 40 by 40 feet in size, is well filled with barreled fruit. The horses stand upon the floor above, which is heavily planked and laid in Rosendale cement, with iron pipes sufficiently sloped to drain off all liquid stable refuse. In fact the horse stable is kept almost as clean as a house, and horse-stable scent is scarcely observed. The upper floors of the principal building bear pretty much the same arrangement to the ground floors, and are as well prepared for the keeping over of fruit as the lower store-room. We were shown a fine specimen apple which had been stored two years in this building, and which was in a perfect state of preservation. A variety of pears were in equally as good a condition. These buildings have capacity for 10,000 barrels of fruit, most of which will keep very well for a year. A great many Bucks county apples are bought by Hellings & Brother, and, when apples are harvested, whole trains of wagons from neighboring farms are drawn up in front of these houses to yield to them their loads of ripe and luscious fruit. It has but recently been generally known that such a house has been in existence, and there is frequently little reliance in the process when learned of. Most of the apples stored in these houses have come from a distance—Michigan, New York, &c. Pennsylvania apples mature almost too soon, while Western apples come in just in time to meet the fresh supply of ice. Hence they can be much better preserved. Last season the ice-bed was no more than half filled, on account of the limited supply of the crop of that season, so that it fell short in September, and the bed was very low for the quantity of fruit on hand. This obliged Mr. Hellings to decline accepting Bucks county apples last fall. Pippins can generally be carried over the season with less ice than is required for other varieties. The fruit now occupying the store-rooms is mostly domestic, and consists principally of apples. In the months of May and June the domestic fruits are all put upon the market, and foreign fruits, such as oranges, lemons, &c., take there place. The foreign fruits are very successfully preserved here during the summer months from souring and spoiling. Bartlett and some other varieties of pears are closed out in October and November; others still later. The wharf for this house is one of the best on the river, reaching a depth of 25 or 30 feet of water, where vessels of the largest size that navigate the river can call to take or deliver fruit. Cold Spring station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, lies within a quarter of a mile on the other side of the premises, where trains are constantly passing from New York and Philadelphia, which affords Mr. Hellings ample opportunities for the quick transit of fruit to market. The firm of N. Hellings & Brother is at present completing a large building at Battle Creek, Michigan, and contemplate soon building two establishments of a similar character at the South. They have at present in successful operation fruits houses in Maryland, New Jersey, Iowa and Connecticut, and one of the handsomest of their buildings is in Niagara county, New York, all of which are built after the N. Hellings' patent.

The grounds upon which Shady Side buildings are located comprise about eight acres of land, gently sloping to the river, upon which is also located the beautiful villa residence of Nathan Hellings. The dwelling is a three-story stone, very prepossessing in its style of architecture, with a cupola that commands a magnificent view of the river, up and down stream, and of Florence, on the opposite side. Florence is a great resort for Philadelphia excursion parties in the summer season, and the placid waters of the river are almost daily enlivened by boat loads of happy people leaving the heat and dust of the city, with bands of music, to enjoy the fresh water and country air for a few hours. The river makes a lake-like curve at this point, and the channel runs close to the shore, so that Mr. Hellings' mail and packages from the city are often thrown ashore for him without stopping the boat. He has built a handsome, strong sea-wall, of Trenton brown stone, on a broken line, to suit the curves of the shore, which adds much to the beauty of the landscape near his residence, and by which a more pleasing prospect of the river is obtained. He has just constructed a winding carriage-drive from his wharf to the house, in the making of which several boat loads of stone were used. He has some very fine evergreen and other ornamental trees growing throughout the grounds, and has but recently added thereto about twenty varieties of shade trees, which are very tastefully arranged. The carriage-drive is entered by a heavy iron gate, which is so easily unlatched and moved that a little child can open it. It is hung and latched to large square stone posts, the cap-stones of which are deeply dished and filled with soil for the growth of vines and flowers in season. It is a modern rural residence, and the fruit houses, being among the notable things of Bucks county, are well worth a long day's travel to visit.—*Intelligencer.*

We learn with pleasure that J. D. Scott of this county, is engaged in canvassing for a new and beautiful map of the Borough of Bristol, to be incorporated with a complete atlas of Bucks county, to be published in atlas form, with each township on a large scale on the separate pages. Several of the townships have been drawn on a large scale so as to show the farms laid out on the map, and it is hoped that a large number of subscribers will be obtained in Bristol and vicinity to enable the publisher to complete the work successfully and thus show the progress and improvements of Bristol and vicinity on the Centennial Atlas of Bucks County to be published in 1876. J. D. Scott has published several counties successfully, and comes to our Borough with high testimonials as to his ability to publish a complete work, and we trust will be encouraged by our citizens.

AT the Centennial Fair held at Righter's Hall, Centreville, a number of relics were placed on exhibition. A large case filled with old coins contained some which dated back before the birth of Christ. A large porcelain brick from the tower of Nankin, China, fern leaves from the grave of Napoleon, Revolutionary cannon-balls, Continental and Confederate notes, etc., helped to form a collection which attracted much attention.

The antiquated-looking structure on Liberty street, Pittsburgh, known as the Gold Eagle Hotel, and built in 1800, is soon to be torn down to make room for large iron-front warehouses.

THE number of tramps fed at the Town House averages from eighteen to twenty each morning.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for January opens with the lecture on "Crystalline and Molecular Forces," by Prof. Tyndall, followed by an exceedingly interesting article on "Evolution in Ornament," by C. F. Hartt, from which we take the concluding paragraph:—"Ornament is something so necessary to civilized life; so universally necessary, that, like music and the other fine arts, it merits serious and intelligent study. A song is evanescent, but a good ornament is a joy forever." To-day by our craving, we cover everything about us with a motley mixture of classic and detestably rude forms, and half even of the educated really do not know how to distinguish a good ornament from a bad one. Ornamental art will never take its proper rank, and be fully appreciated, until it is in the first place, systematically studied, and, in the second place, intelligently and widely taught." There is a sketch of Dr. Jeffres Wyman, by Prof. Wilder, with a fine portrait. Among other articles of interest are "Woman's Place in Nature," "Reason against Routine in the Teaching of Language," and "Biology for Young Beginners," Fiske's Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy and Draper's History of the Conflict between Religion and Science are among the literary notices.

The *American Journal of Science and Arts* contains an account of a curious fact that the miners in Clear Creek county, Colorado, have discovered. It is particularly noticeable in the Stevens' mine, about 12,500 feet above the level of the sea, on McClellan mountain. After a depth or distance of 90 feet from the surface, the crevice matter in which the silver is found, is frozen solid. Summer and winter have no visible effect to change its temperature, nor is there ever any perceptible thaw. Pick and drill fail to work the frozen mass, and the only way the workmen proceed is to kindle a large fire at night against the matter, and in the morning to pick at the disintegrated ore. After this curious fashion the mine has been profitably conducted for two years. From nine feet where the cold was struck, the tunnel proceeded inward, now nearly 200 feet, and the cold is in no way diminished as yet. Other mines in the neighborhood show the same singular condition, and in all of them the depth under ground is such as that frost cannot possibly have penetrated there. The conclusion reached by the contributor of the article is, that this is a relic of a glacial era. Whatever its origin, it is certainly a singular and interesting fact, and the method of mining, although profitable, is simple and primitive as could well be desired.

For twelve years George Neet, of Nicholasville, Ky., maintained the truth of a ghost story that he repeatedly told. Although he was a man of good character, his narrative was of course disbelieved or attributed to hallucination. He died recently, and his last words were in affirmation of the old tale, showing that it had at least one firm believer. It ran as follows:—In the neighborhood is a lonely valley in which is an old graveyard. Through this Neet rode one night. Suddenly he saw a man riding at his side, whose horse's hoofs made not the slightest noise on the hard ground. Frightened by this strange silence, he reached out his hand only to find that neither the man nor the horse had any more substance than a shadow. He spoke to the phantom, and was in response led to the graveyard. There the ghost said that a tombstone had been removed from his grave to another, and he wanted it returned. Neet tremblingly performed the task, whereupon the ghost said "Thank you" and disappeared. The present population of the town is German, and they accept the dying declaration of Neet as positive proof. Consequently the valley is shunned by everybody as haunted.

AN interesting instance of the sagacity with which the partridge will protect its young is given by Mr. Henshaw, of the Government Survey, west of the one-hundredth meridian. While riding through pine woods a brood of partridge, containing the mother and eight or ten young about a week old, was come upon so suddenly that the feet of the foremost mule almost trod on them. The young rose, flew a few yards and drooping down were in an instant hid in the underbrush. The mother meanwhile began some very peculiar tactics. Rising up, she fell back again to the ground as if perfectly helpless, and imitated so successfully that for a moment it was thought she had really been trodden upon. Several of the men, completely deceived, attempted to catch her, but she fluttered away, keeping just out of reach of their hands until they had been enticed ten or twelve yards off when she rose and was off like a bullet. Her tactics had successfully covered the retreat of her young.

The Niles Spike Works will be removed to Warren county in February.

☞ Call at Jackson's for nice mixtures 20 and 30c. per pound, grapes, oranges, lemons, figs, &c., 27 Mill street, Bristol, Pa.

☞ Simon A. Gump is selling off his large stock of Clothing at less than actual cast price. To get good bargains, go to S. A. Gump's Clothing Store, corner of Mill and Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa.

☞ For sale at a bargain. "The Encyclopedia or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, &c.," consisting of eighteen large quarto volumes and illustrated with over 500 plates, will be sold at a very low price by James Townsend, Dorrance street, Bristol, Pa.

☞ Our Annual Donation visit will be paid to Rev. E. H. Plummer, at the Tullytown Christian Church, on Saturday afternoon and evening, January 2d, 1875, to which the public are cordially invited to attend and cast in their mites in behalf of our worthy pastor.

By Church Request.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY!
You can get a good Working Suit For Ten Dollars.
You can get a Boys' Suit From Five Dollars upwards.
You can get Children's Play Suits From Three Dollars upwards.
You can get good Business Suits Of fancy Cassimeres, very low.
You can get Dress Suits and Clothing, Of every kind, unequalled in quantity—and
You can get an immense assortment
To select from, at the very lowest prices, at BENNETT & CO., TOWER HALL, 518 Market Street, Philadelphia, half-way between Fifth and Sixth Streets.

MARRIED.

ARRISON—WOODINGTON.—In Bristol, December 26th, 1874, by Rev. J. C. Hyde, George Arrison and Lillie Woodington, both of Bristol.

BRISTOL GRAIN MARKET.

Reported by ROGERS BROTHERS.

Bristol, Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1874.

Amber Wheat, per bushel	$1.20 to $1.25
Red Wheat	1.20
Corn, (old)	90
Corn, (new)	75
Oats	56
Rye	85

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wednesday, Dec. 30, 5 P. M.

GRAIN.—In the Wheat market there is very little movement, and we quote sales of red at $1 20 a 1 23; amber at $1 25 a 1 26, and white at $1 30 a 1 40. Rye sells at $1. Corn is unchanged. Sales of 5000 bush. yellow at 80 a 83c., and mixed Western at 82½ a 84c. Oats are quiet, and 6000 bush. Western sold at 65 a 66c. for white, and 63c. for mixed.

FLOUR.—The market is dull, the inquiry being restricted to the immediate wants of the home consumers. About 1200 barrels sold, including superfine at $3 75 a 4 25; extras at $4 a 4 75; Iowa and Wisconsin extra family at $5 a 5 25; Minnesota do. do., at $5 25 a 6; Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana do. do $5 50 a 6 50, and high grades at $6 75 a 7 75, as in quality. Rye Flour sells at $5.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little doing.—Sales of mess pork at $20 75 a 21. Beef hams are quoted at $18 a 20. Dried Beef is taken at 17 a 19c. for city smoked, and 16 a 18c. for Western. Bacon is quiet; sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 13 a 14c.; sides at 11 a 11½c and shoulders at 9½. Bulk meats are rather lower; sales of pickled hams in lots at 11 a 11½c., and shoulders at 7 a 7½c. Lard is quiet. Sales of western steam at 13¾ a 14c. Butter is easy. New York and Bradford county choice, at 40 a 42c.; western prime at 34 a 35; choice western rolls 30a32c. Cheese unchanged. Fancy New York and fine western, 15¾ a 16½c. per lb. Eggs easy. Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, 30 a 31c.; Western, 28 a 30.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

MONDAY, Dec. 28, 5 P. M.

The market for Beef Cattle was dull this week, but prices were firm. We quote at 4 a 8½c., the latter for choice. Receipts, 2800 head.

SHEEP were dull at 5 a 8c. per lb. gross, as to condition.

HOGS were steady at $9 75 a 10 25 per 100 pounds net for corn-fed. Receipts, 5000 head.

Bristol Table Prices Current.

Bristol, Wednesday Evening, Dec. 30, 1874.

FLOUR AND MEAL—	
Best White Wheat Flour, per bbl	$8.50
Do. Red Wheat, per bbl	7.50
Do. do. per ½ sack	94
Do. do. per ¼ sack	47
Graham Flour, per 100 lbs	3.50
Corn Meal, per 100 lbs	2.10
Buckwheat Flour	4.00 to 4.50
FRESH MEATS—	
Beef, roast, per lb	18 to 22c
Beefsteak, per lb	18 to 22
Veal, per lb	10 to 23
Mutton, per lb	12 to 18
POULTRY—	
Chickens (live) per pair, per pound	10
Chickens (dressed) per pound	15
Turkeys (Dressed) per pound	18
Ducks, per pound	16
Geese, per pound	15
Mince Meat	13
BUTTER, LARD, &c.—	
Butter, best, for table use, per lb	50
Butter, Tub	46 to 48
Butter, cooking, per lb	35
Lard, per lb	18
Eggs, per dozen	36
Cheese, per lb	20
VEGETABLES AND FRUITS—	
Onions, per half peck	25
Potatoes, per peck	35
Sweet Potatoes, per peck	50 to 60
N. Y. Plums, per lb	35
Dried Apples, per pound	12
Dried Peaches, per pound	16
Dried Peaches, pealed, per lb	38
Dried Currants, per lb	12
Dried Cherries, pitted, per lb	40
Raisins, per pound	16 to 25
Prunes, best, per lb	15 to 18
Green Apples per basket	35 to 50
CURED MEATS—	
Uncovered Hams	17
Shoulders, sugar cured	10
" plain	8
Dried Beef	28
Beef Tongues	1.00
MACKEREL—	
No. 1, new	15
" " prime	12
" per bbl	18.00
" " ½ bbl	9.75
" " ¼ "	5.50
" " kit	3.00
Smoked Salmon, per lb	25
" Hallibut, per lb	20
Scotch Herring, per doz	18
SUNDRIES—	
Coal Oil, per gallon	24
Pure Cider Vinegar, per gallon	40
Sweet Cider, per gallon	25
Beans (dried) quart	10 to 12
Macaroni, per lb	25
Rice, per lb	10 to 12
Lemons, per doz	35
Oranges, per doz	35
Dates, per lb	12
Figs, best, per lb	25
COFFEE—ROASTED—	
Rio No. 1	35
No. 2	30
Laguayra, choice	38
Maracaibo	36
Java, No. 1	45
Ceylon	40
TEAS—	
Oolong—Extra fine to finest	1.25
" Super. to fine	1.00
" Fair to good	90
" Good	65 to 75
Japan—Extra fine to finest	1.25
" Fair to good	90 to 1.00
Young Hyson—Extra fine to finest	1.40
" " Superior to fine	1.00
MOLASSES AND SYRUPS—	
New Orleans, choice	90
" " Good to prime	85
" " Fair	80
Porto Rico, choice	80
" " Good to prime	52
" " Fair	60
Sugar Loaf Drips, choice	85
White Drips	80
Choice Syrup	70
Standard Syrup	65
Good Syrup	60
Sugar House, choice	45
" " Good to prime	40
SUGARS—	
Cut Loaf	14
Crushed	13
Pulverized	13
Granulated	12
A—Standard White	12
B— " "	11
Extra C—No. 1	11
C—No. 2	10
Extra C—Yellow	9
Common Yellow	8

Philadelphia Bond and Stock quotations reported expressly for the GAZETTE by JOHN K. WILDMAN, No. 26 South Third street, Dec. 30, 1874.

BONDS.—Penn'vania Loan. 2d series, 109 a 110; Penn'lvania Loan, 3d series, 111 a 112; Philadelphia City 6's, 103¼ a 104; Allegheny Valley 7.30's, 92 a 93; Camd. and Amboy 6's, 1883, 95 a 96, do. do. 1889, 92 a 93, do. Mortgage, 1889, 101 a 101½; Lehigh Valley 7's, 106¾ a 106¾; N. Penn'vania 7's, 104 a 105; Pennsylvania and New York Canal 7's, 103½ a 104; Penns'vania R. R. 1st Mort., 103¾ a 104; do. general Mort. Coupon, 98 a 98¾; do. do. Mort. Registered, 97¾ a 98; Philada. & Erie 7's, 87¾ a 88; Philadelphia and Reading 7's, 103 a 104, do. General Mortgage 7's, Coupon, 103¾ a 104; do. do. 7's, Registered, 105 a 105½; do. New Conv. 7's, 105 a 106, Pittsburg Cincinnati & St. Louis 7's, 74¾ a 75; West Chester 7's, 105 a 105½; West Jersey 7's, 103 a 104; Wilmington and Rdg 1st Mortgage 7's, 63 a 65; Lehigh Navigation Gold Loan, 6's, 97¾ a 97¾; STOCKS.—Lehigh Valley Railroad, 60¾ a 60¾; Mine Hill Railroad, 53¾ a 54; Nesquehoning Valley Railroad, 55 a 55½; Pennsylvania Railroad, 52¾ a 52½; Philad'a and Reading Railroad, 54⅞ a 55; Philadn. & Trenton R. R. 126 a 127; United Co.'s of N. J. (C. & A.) 127¾ a 128; Central Transportation Co., 43¾ a 44; Fifth & Sixth street R. R., 58 a 59; Hestonville R. R., 18 a 18¾; Second & Third Sts. R. R., 65 a 67.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEA WEED TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.

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Full directions accompany each, making it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck unless patients wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his principal office, corner of Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists.

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Free of Charge. Stop that Cough. Relieve that Hoarseness; prevent Consumption; cure your child of Croup, by using DR. MORRIS' SYRUP OF TAR, WILD CHERRY AND HOREHOUND. I have secured the agency of this celebrated Remedy, and will furnish any person that may desire it with a sample bottle, FREE OF CHARGE, or a very large one for $1.00. It is the best and cheapest article that I have. CHAS. H. WEVILL, Bristol, Pa.
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And see that his name is stamped on each and every Cracker.
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FARMERS and others wishing to subscribe for the AGRICULTURIST the cheapest and best agricultural paper now published,
CAN SAVE ONE-THIRD
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Every character of TIN, SHEET IRON, BRASS or COPPER WORK, done to order.
Ranges, Stoves,
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Next door to J. Arundale, Carpet Weaver.
Clothes Dyed and Scoured at reasonable rates. Give me a call and I will guarantee satisfaction Don't forget the place. 8737

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☞ Particular attention given to Enclosing Cemetery Lots. 271

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All Kinds of Cigars
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FANCY DYEING.
ALL WORK DONE IN A SUPERIOR MANNER.
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HAS THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
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In the City. 738

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PLUMBERS,
Gas and Steam Fitters,
No. 2 Broad Street, Trenton, N. J.
The largest assortment of GAS FIXTURES in the city. Orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed. 740

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Marble Yard on Stockton Street,
(Between State and Front),
TRENTON, N. J.
Designs and Estimates furnished on application. Cemetery Work of every description done in the best manner and at reasonable rates. 671

Ladies', Misses' and Children's
SHOES.
I have resolved to offer my old customers and the Citizens of Bucks county generally, all the advantages of buying at retail.
A full assortment of the above line of Goods
AT WHOLESALE PRICES,
at my old stand,
39 Warren street,
TRENTON, N. J.
☞ Call and be convinced that you can save 25 per cent. by purchasing of me.
434 J. LANING, MANUFACTURER.

Bristol.

Throughout this broad land shall the virtues of this great remedy be known.

Rose's Expectorant!

NOTICE TO THE PEOPLE.

We, the undersigned, Druggists of Bristol, are prepared to furnish all who may be troubled with a cough, or soreness of the lungs, a bottle of this great syrup without money, until the patient is satisfied that the Cough Syrup will do all that is claimed for it.

L. A. HOGUET,
DR. H. PURSELL,
CHAS. H. WEVILL.

CAUTION.

When you see Cough Compounds advertised to cure Croup and Whooping Cough, beware of them—they are a base deception calculated to do more harm than good. I say this without fear of contradiction, as I am well aware that there is not one physician of standing in this country, or any other, but that will tell his patient that Whooping Cough and Croup are different diseases, and require different treatment.

READ! READ! READ!

DR. J. S. ROSE'S

EXPECTORANT.

[MADE ALWAYS SLIGHTLY ACID.]

For Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, and Bronchitis.

This Syrup, having stood the test of many years' experience as a remedy for irritation or inflammation of the Lungs, Throat, or Bronchia, is acknowledged by all to be a remedy eminently superior to other known compounds used for the relief and radical cure of Coughs and Consumption.

In Compounding a Cough Syrup for general use, the physician—for none but a physician should attempt a prescription—is compelled, from his knowledge of the constitution and constituted parts of man to avoid entirely the addition of drugs that can in any way tend to do injury. His object is not only to cause a symptom such as cough to stop, but it is also expected of a regularly educated doctor, that he should cure his patients radically, while the pretender may allay a cough by his opium and squills, molasses and laudanum, antimony, morphia and wild-cherry bark, and not be accountable for the after health of his patient. Many of the nostrums of the day have power to stop a cough, and the deluded victim is lured into an incurable form of disease, or perhaps death; or they may, like the Indian cure for burns, create a worse disease to cure the first.

A remedy that is handed out for general use should have its efficacy established by well tested experience, in the hands of a regularly educated and well informed practitioner of the healing art, whose preparatory study fits him for all the duties he must fulfill, and enables him to surmount [not skip] the more intricate studies of his profession. If he is ignorant of Anatomy, Pharmacy, Materia Medica, and Chemistry, or either of those sciences, he can be no physician. But if competent in all, he is the only proper person to prescribe for the sufferer from disease, or have compounded remedies which experience may prove specific.

Although a cough may arise from a variety of causes which still continue to operate, such as Tubercles, Abscess, Chronic Inflammation of the Lungs, Liver, Bronchia, &c., &c., still the lungs are the organs compelled to do the coughing, and consequently produce Consumption.

A Cough Syrup in all cases of cough, from whatever cause, becomes necessary, and when the cough is kept up by any other cause than simple irritation of the lungs this cause being [as Cullen would say,] an immediate and exciting cause, must be moved by appropriate *treatment*, while the effect *must* be corrected by a cough compound. My practice, which has been crowned with so much success, is to treat at the same time that I relieve the lungs by this Syrup, any of the diseases that may give rise or tend to keep up cough. Thus, if I find the liver the cause, in addition to the Cough Syrup, I recommend the daily use of my Dyspeptic Compound, and the bowels kept regular with the Family Pills as directed on the bottle, until this cause is removed.

By thus attending to a cough in time, no one need be thrown into Consumption.

The great demand for this Pectoral has induced many to prepare expectorants, cherry pectorals, lozenges, tar medicines, fish oils, &c., which so far have only proved palliative; while this Syrup removes inflammation of the lungs and air-tubes, and radically cures, when taken in time.

This Cough Syrup can be forwarded to any address by express or stage line in the country

TESTIMONIALS.

Great Men Recommending Dr. J. S. Rose's Practice for Diseases of the Lungs.

FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

F. BEASLEY, M. D.,
R. M. PATTERSON, M. D.,
P. S. PHYSIC, M. D.,
JOHN R. COXE, M. D.,
N. CHAPMAN, M. D.,
THOS. C. JAMES, M. D.,
ROBERT HARE, M. D.,
WILLIAM GIBSON, M. D.
W. P. DEWEES, M. D., President.
JAS. M. STAUGHTON, Scribe.

Penn Works, Philadelphia, Jan. 10, 1873.

I can recommend Dr. J. S. Rose's Cough Syrup or Expectorant, with the greatest confidence, having used it and found it to be as represented, a positive cure for cough. My faith in it is doubly strong, knowing Dr. J. S. Rose to have been a physician of the highest standing.

E. L. LEVY,
Firm of Neafie & Levy,
Residence, 40th below Chestnut.

Read the following Letter from the foreman of Neafie & Levy's Boiler Works, Philadelphia.

DR. C. P. ROSE:—I feel that I would not be doing justice to my fellow-man, and particularly to those suffering from Coughs or Colds, if I did not make known the benefit I derived from your Cough Syrup or Expectorant. I had been attacked with a violent cough and began to loose flesh, and got so broken down that I was compelled to stop work, and I began to think that there was one more poor victim to consumption. While in that dejected state I commenced Dr. J. S. Rose's Cough Syrup, and it seemed to me that the first day it helped me. I continued its use until I had taken two bottles when I was entirely cured, and I am now back to my work as usual.

HENRY SCHAUBEL,
Foreman of Neafie & Levy's Boiler Works.

From the Captain of the Ferry Boat Ellwood Doron.

I have used Rose's Expectorant, and was cured of a severe cough, and can cheerfully recommend it as the best Cough Syrup I have ever used.

CAPT. S. P. PORTER.

All orders and communications sent to DR. C. P. ROSE, Bristol, Bucks County, Pa., will be punctually attended to.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND STORE-KEEPERS.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow,
So that I say no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark,
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing
On each green, tender bough
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

[For the Bucks County Gazette]

PERMANENT MEADOWS.

BY WILLIAM H YEOMANS.

That farmer is very fortunate who is the possessor of permanent meadows Permanent meadows may also be natural, that is, be so situated as to be fertilized by some natural means, such as the overflowing of streams of water that deposit sufficient sediment to maintain the fertility of the soil In such meadows all the labor that is required is that which is necessary to harvest the growing crop

In these days when mowing machines are becoming so extensively used in the securing of the hay crop, together with horse-rakes and tedders, it is necessary that the surface should be made smooth and free of all stones and obstructions This of course applies to those places where rocks and stones abound There fore in such localities, when a piece is brought under cultivation, even though the same was apparently free from stones before, it will be found that by the action of the frost and other agencies, the soil is again pretty thoroughly filled with small loose stones, so that when finally seeded down, considerable labor must be performed to remove those which remain upon the surface It is much better to continue, if possible, mowing lands after they are once brought to a condition for machine work This can be and is done in a great many instances The advantage is not wholly in the saving of labor as before indicated, but consists in an improved quality of hay, being of a much finer texture and consisting of a greater number of grasses that have come in of themselves and are natural to the soil.

Excellent mowing lands have existed, and contained a great degree of productiveness for years, that have never been seeded at all In fact it sometimes appears as though such pieces had a far greater permanence than where seeded in the ordinary manner

We have visited fields that have remained in sod for forty or more years, which was much more thickly set with grass, and apparently deeper rooted, than in very many fields only two or three years after seeding Farmers make a sad mistake in feeding too closely their meadows, it has been stated that fields have been continued in productiveness, simply by cutting one crop of hay We would not recommend this course entirely, because we believe that such a growth of aftermath may be left upon a field as to kill the roots of the grass but we are fully convinced from observation that the productiveness of a field can be greatly affected by feeding in the fall Of all animals, at that season of the year, the sheep will feed the closest and it is no uncommon occurrence to behold a field gnawed literally into the ground For a change, let farmers have a greater care for their meadows in the future and for want of sufficient fall feed, provide by means of fodder-corn or some other equally available crop, and it will be found to be a practice of true economy

Columbia Conn, Dec 21 1874

[For the Bucks County Gazette]

WINDOW GARDENING

BY WILLIAM H YEOMANS

The beauties of rural scenery, and the pleasures of rural life, must be experienced in order to be fully appreciated The idea of those who are accustomed to city walls, that there is a dreariness hanging about country life in the winter season, is one that needs correction

What though the forests do in obedience to the law of nature, upon the approach of cold yield up their foliage, leaving only their bare branches it is a change which is almost pleasing, for were it not so, a life would weary of such a monotony as would be presented in continuous foliage But it is fortunate, that farmers and those who are so unfortunate(?) as to be country dwellers, are not necessarily doomed to look upon leafless trees and snow bound fields, but they can, if they choose, make their houses the representatives of one continuous, blooming summer, and that by means of window gardening. Very many of the means of enjoyment of the present day were unknown to our grandparents, being the invention and adoption of much later years

It is but a comparatively few years since window gardening was brought into notice, and yet now very many are the households that are supplied with this luxury Perhaps no better term could be appropriately applied, and yet to some, would convey the idea of some more difficult thing to have than it really is Every person who has one or more pots of plants in cultivation during the winter season is practising window gardening in a small way. With a few shelves put up at their windows which receive the sun during the day, considerable gardening can be done These shelves can easily be put up by means of brackets for that purpose, which are now for sale.

Small pots or boxes are sufficient to hold the plants, and the soil required is easily prepared and is best if composed of a mixture of turf thoroughly rotted, leaf mold and sand in about equal parts. It is generally better to commence in the fall with slips from desirable plants which will usually be well rooted before it is time to take into the house. Then if they are put into the windows and receive proper care they will flourish and soon come to blooming and as the farmer returns from the care of his stock, and has perhaps waded through the drifted snow, he is cheerfully reminded by the growing plant in its bloom that there is a spring time coming, wherein he can sow his seed in the expectation of an abundant harvest The plants require a moderate amount of heat and a judicious supply of water, they sometimes become infested with plant lice, which can be exterminated by a sprinkling of quassia tea or water, which is obtained by steeping quassia wood in water With so little trouble it is a wonder that there is a single home that is not supplied with this pleasant appendage

Columbia, Conn., Dec 21, 1874

[For the Bucks County Gazette]

SAVE THE SOAPSUDS.

The soapsuds from the wash tub should be carefully saved on every farm, and should be conveyed through pipes under ground into a water-proof cistern large enough to hold three or four hogsheads, which size is better than if made larger, on the account that the feculent matter would become too offensive being kept long in the cistern. A cheap wooden pump in the centre of the cistern will be best to raise the liquid, which can be made to run in a barrel placed on a sled or wheels, and carried directly to the field in its liquid state, or be made into urate by the admixture of dried muck, sawdust coal ashes, or any other desiccant to make solid manure; but dried muck is the best absorbent, inasmuch as it contains valuable fertilizing properties. Chamber lye and fish pickle can be thrown into the cistern with the soapsuds if the cistern is frequently emptied and deodorized No one can form an idea of the great quantity of valuable manure that could be made on a farm by proper attention to utilizing the soapsuds and other feculent liquids, and it is strange that so little attention is paid to this valuable fertilizer by farmers who pay fabulous prices for stable manure

In California they melt nickels down and make trunk nails of them

Burlington, N. J.

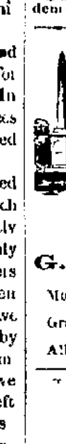
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ICE CREAM at LOWER rates Wholesale and Retail Also Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Fruits Oranges Lemons Bananas Figs Nuts, &c, which are constantly on hand, at
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Household articles of all kinds constantly on hand 467

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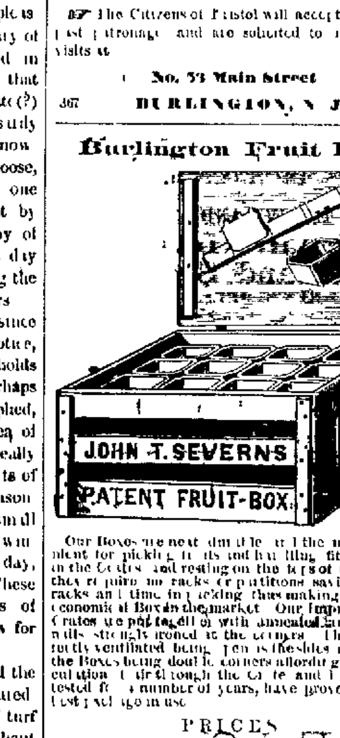
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and lowest prices
IN THE COUNTRY.

Sole Agent for Burlington County for the Weed Family Favorite Sewing Machine

The Citizens of Bristol will accept thanks for past patronage and are solicited to renew their visits at
No. 53 Main Street
367 BURLINGTON, N. J.

Burlington Fruit Box.



Our Boxes are neat durable and the most convenient for picking fruits and handling, fitting neatly in the Crates and resting on the tops of each other they require no racks or partitions saving a lot of racks and time in picking thus making it the most economical Box in the market Our Improved Open Crates are put together with annealed and clinched nails strongly ironed at the corners They are perfectly ventilated being open at the sides and bottom the Boxes being double corners affording a good circulation of air through the Crate and having been tested for a number of years, have proved to be the best yet in use

PRICES

60 qt crates and boxes, iron bound			$3 50
48 qt do	do	do	$2 75
36 qt do	do	do	$2 15 — (with 60 pints, $2 45
32 qt crates and boxes iron bound			$1 80,
30 qt do	do, without iron		$1 85 — (with 60 pints $2 10
32 qt do	do	do do	$1 6,
24 qt do	do	do do	$1 50 — (with 40 pints, $1 70

Quart boxes $2 50 per hundred
Pint do $2 00 do do
25 cts per hundred extra for packing

TESTIMONIAL
Philadelphia March 17th 1871
J T Severns & Son —Gents —We the undersigned Commission Merchants having used the Burlington Fruit Box for several seasons can recommend it as being the most durable and fruit will demand better prices than in any other box in use

Isaac A Vansciver,	James Jordan
W J Brewer,	Tuttsale & Wells,
G V Githens	J Castle & Son
Josiah W Horn	N D Marshall,
Lewis L Hubbs	Cyrus Curtin
Jacob Hinchman,	Joseph F Clement &
Aaron Kimble	Co

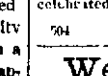
Parties ordering by mail will please order before the Berry Season as we are then frequently unable to fill orders at short notice

MOULDINGS.— An assortment constantly on hand we kiln dried lumber of the best quality not less than 100 feet

Will keep the sale of work to order Flooring Siding, Planed and Unplaned Lumber at a reasonable price

FACTORY, Delaware St., Burlington, N. J.
550 J. T. SEVERNS & SON.

HYGEIAN HOME,
Florence Hights, N.J.
All classes of Invalids successfully treated without drug medicines The sick who have tried all other methods of treatment are invited to be cured by the Hygienic System Information
714 R. T. TRALL, M.D.



ORIENT SPRINGS
Health Institute,
AMHERST, MASS.,
For the treatment of Paralysis in all its forms Spinal Diseases, Contracted Cords and Limbs Crooked Feet and Hands Twisted Joints Wry Neck, St Vitus Dance all Deformities Lameness and Nervous Diseases, Diseases of the Brain, Heart and Lungs Hysteria &c A few families can be accommodated with SUMMER BOARD at this celebrated institution this season Address,
504 G. W. RHODES, M. D., Medical Director

West Street Hotel,
Nos. 41, 42, 43 and 44 West Street,
NEW YORK.
A Temperance House,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN
Rooms 50 and 75 cents per day Charges very moderate The best meats and vegetables in the market. Lest Beds in the city
R T BABBITT, Proprietor

Railroad.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
NEW YORK DIVISION.



On and after November 30 1874
Trains to and from Bristol Station
For Philadelphia
Kensington Depot 7 00, 7 45, 8.26, 9 14 A M, 12 28, 4.06, 7 28, and 10:05 P M On Sundays 3 28 and 5 27 P M West Phila Depot at 3 27, 6.02, and 9.44 A M 2.53, 5.11, 6 45, and 9 58 P M On Sundays 6 02 A M, and 9 38 P M
For New York.
At 1 16, 7 38, 9.21, and 11 47 A M, 2.24, 4 38, 5 16, 6 18, and 7 19 P M Sunday trains, 9.21 A M, 5.16 and 7 49 P M
For Trenton.
At 7 38, 9.21 11 09, and 11 47 A M 2.24, 4 18, 4 05 4 38, 4 53, 5 16, 6 02 6 18, and 7 49, and 9 06 P M On Sundays 9.21 A M and 5 18 P M 9 71 he 7 38 11 59 A M 4 53 and 6 05 P M trains connect with Belvidere Division
From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot at 6 55, and 10:15 A M 2 40, 3 30, 4 00, 5 15, 6 25, and 8:20 P M On Sundays 9 15 A M and 2 30 P M West Philadelphia Depot at 8 30 and 11 00 A M, at 1 35, 3.30, 4 30 5 30 and 7,00 P M and 12 00 night
From New York.
At 7 00, 8 15, and 9 25 A M 12 25, 2 55, 4.05, and 6.55 P M
From Trenton.
At 6 10, 8 00, 8 50, and 9 17 A M, 12 00 M 2 30, 3 40, 4 50, 6 24, 7 02, 9 11 and 9 40 P M On Sundays 12 noon 5 00, and 9 14 P M
From Philadelphia Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West at 8 00 A M and 12 40 P M daily except Sunday and 8 40 10 50 and 11 55 P M daily
For Harrisburg Williamsport the Oil Regions and Erie at 12 40 and and 11 55 P M
For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua Niagara Falls &c, at 8 20 A M
A Through Passenger Train especially for parties moving westward leaves Philadelphia at 11 40 A M daily except Monday For passage by this train application should be made to Francis Funk Agent 137 Market Street Philadelphia where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained
For further information see time tables which can be obtained at the ticket office
F THOMSON, D M BOYD Jr
Gen Manager, Gen Pass Agent
G W BARKER Supt N Y Division
I W JACKSON
60 Gen Supt U R R of N J Division

Tomlinson's Express and Accommodation Line
BRISTOL & NEWTOWN
BY STAGE
Mail Line via Bristol leaves Newtown at 7.30 A M on the arrival of the Doylestown Stage passing through Attleboro at 8.15 Hulmeville 8.45 Newportville 9.05 arriving in Bristol in time for the fast Belvidere Express Line for Philadelphia, and first line for New York
Returning Stage leaves on arrival of 10 15 A M train via Kensington at Bristol Also passengers can take the 8 30 A M train from New York, and connect with the Stage at Bristol
Stage via Doylestown leaves Newtown at 2 30 P M on the arrival of the Bristol Stage passing through Wrightstown Anchor Pineville Centreville Spring Valley and arriving in Doylestown at 5 o'clock
Returning leaves Doylestown at 4 10 A M passing through the above named places and arriving in Newtown in time for the Bristol Stage
Office in Newtown at Amos Eastburn's Store in the city at the Adams Express Office and at 437 N Second street
Passengers can purchase tickets of the drivers going down and at Kensington Depot coming up and save money by so doing
734 WM R TOMLINSON Proprietor

STEAMBOAT
John A. Warner,
Leaves Bristol every morning at 6 o'clock Returning leaves Chestnut Street wharf at 2 o'clock P M for Burlington and Bristol touching at Riverton Torresdale Andalusia and Beverly
Fare each way 25 cents Excursion 40 cents 31

Newtown, Pa.

LEWIS H BOOTH WM WYNKOOP

SCOTT & WYNKOOP,
Real Estate and Personal Property
AGENTS,
NEWTOWN, Bucks County, Pa.
OFFICE —Corner of State Street and Washington Avenue 350

H. M. POWNALL,
HARNESS MAKER,
NEWTOWN PA
Has on hand Heavy and Light Harness Trunks Valises and Travelling Bags
Also Harness Hardware of all kind 36

FIRST CLASS
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,
AT NEWTOWN, Bucks Co, PA
For Circulars address
R. L. GURNEY,
4 34 Principal

ROBERTS & FEASTER,
NEWTOWN PA,
Dealers in
COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, Heaters Ranges and Tin Copper and Hollow Ware Tin Roofing and Spouting, executed promptly Water Rams Cistern and Lead Pipe furnished 510

G HILLBORN H C WORSTALL

Newtown Hardware House.
ESTABLISHED 1801
HILLBORN & WORSTALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
IRON, STEEL, &c.,
NEWTOWN, PA
Having for five years established in the Hardware and Iron trade invite the attention of buyers to their large stock of Iron Steel Axle Springs Thimble Skeins Wagon Boxes &c Building Hardware of every kind from the finest Bronze mounted Locks down to the smallest Tack or Nail Paints of all colors Pure Linseed Oil American and French Window Glass Putty Oils &c Tools of every description for all kinds of mechanics Cutlery in profusion —English and American Fancy articles in great variety Tin and Wooden-ware Ropes Chains &c Children's Carriages and Sleds Farm Sleigh and Hand Bells Powder Calcined Plaster Marble Dust Lester Sand, Cement Tar &c Fertilizers of all kinds
Also manufacturers of Fifth Wheels of every style —Orders of any size promptly filled 323

Miscellaneous.

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL,
Wood, Lime, Fertilizers, Etc.,
Cornwell's Depot,
BUCKS COUNTY, PA
BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand or furnished to order
COAL of the best qualities and lowest rates
Agents for
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure,
Sold by the car load and the cheapest manure in market Also, HORSE STABLE MANURE
I W BOUTCHER,
T I SIMONS
666 Cornwell's Depot

Estate Notice.
ESTATE OF HANNAH GALLAGHER late of the Borough of Bristol in the County of Bucks deceased —All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to JOHN McFADDEN,
Executor of Hannah Gallagher
Or B F Gilkeson his Attorney 812

An Ordinance
To appoint a Policeman for Bristol Borough
Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same That from and after the passage of this Ordinance Anthony Thorp be and is hereby appointed a Police man in and for said Borough of Bristol until otherwise ordered
Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber this Fourteenth day of December A D 1874
CHARLES L SCOTT, Burgess
Attest
J W S PEW Word Clerk 805

Auditor's Notice.
ESTATE OF JOHN CAUTER, Deceased
THE undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans Court of Bucks County to report the facts and make distribution of the balance of funds remaining in the hands of Benjamin Briggs Executor of John Cutter late of Falls township in said county deceased to and amongst the persons entitled thereto by law hereby gives notice to all persons interested that he will meet them at his office in the Borough of Bristol in said County on SATURDAY, the TWELFTH day of DECEMBER A D 1874, at 10 o'clock A M to attend to the duties of his appointment ANTHONY SWAIN
776 Auditor

ROAD VIEW.
THE undersigned viewers appointed by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Bucks, to view and lay out a Public Road in the Township of Falls in said County, Beginning at the public road leading from Walnut Ferry road to Tullytown, (the said road being also known as the Lobb's wharf road) in Tullytown at a point westward of the adjoining the line between the lands of John Lobb and Arthur Collins deceased then running along the west side of said line upon lands of said Arthur Collins, deceased the whole length of said line to the River Delaware and ending at said River—hereby notify all persons interested that they will meet at the house of William P Crozer in said township on Wednesday, January 27th 1875 at 10 o'clock A M to attend to the duties of their appointment.
SAMUEL H HARRISON
ELIAS P HALL
PETER STAILS
December 21, 1874 Viewers 812

NOTICE.
AN ANNUAL MEETING of the Fallsington Perseverance Company for the detection of Horse Thieves and other Villains will be held at the School House in Emilie the SECOND day of JANUARY 1875 at o'clock P M The Directors and other officers meet at 10 clock P M
JESSE L STACKHOUSE
816 Secretary

Newportville.

UNION HALL,
Newportville, Bucks Co., Pa.,
Is one of the largest and finest Halls in the county, for Lectures, Exhibitions, Parties, &c
TO LET, on reasonable terms Apply to or address
3 2 W. R. VANDEGRIFT,
Newportville P. O., Pa.

SAMUEL GOSLIN,
DEALER IN
HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS,
Corn Shellers, Cutting Boxes, Sausage Cutters, &c.
I make my Sausage Cutter a specialty, believing it to cut more meat in the same time than any other Chopper for the same amount of money invested
REPAIRING of all kinds promptly attended to
Newportville, Bucks County, Pa 672

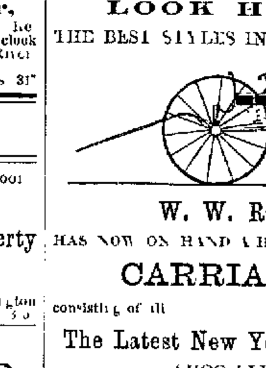
NEWPORTVILLE
FLOUR MILLS,
NEWPORTVILLE, PA.
FLOUR FRESH GROUND FROM
THE BEST WHEAT,
Promptly delivered to Customers,



SEEDS:
Such as TIMOTHY and CLOVER, constantly on hand and at the most reasonable prices
Cash paid for all kinds of Grain at market prices, such as Wheat Corn, Rye, Oats &c
651 I. C FETTER,
Newportville, Pa.

EDGAR ADAMS,
HARNESS MAKER,
Newportville, Pa.,
Has on hand or manufactures to order,
HEAVY AND LIGHT HARNESS,
both Double and Single heavy and light Fly Nets light and heavy Collars and Bridles Ear Nets Whips Circingles fancy linen Sheets and Lap Covers Horse Blankets and Buffalo Robes Horse Brushes and Combs Fancy web Halters, leather Halters Horse Boots Chinese Water proof Black ing, Vacuum Oil and Frank Miller's Harness Dressing Neatsfoot Oil Axle Grease Collar Pads and Gum Pads to prevent sore backs, also the Buckeye Safety Bridle Bit for hard headed horses
Gentlemen and Ladies SATCHELS, CABAS, VALISES, TRUNKS, &c.
Trunks and Harness repaired neatly and promptly All work warranted Give me a call I can sell I am selling as cheap as the cheapest on three months credit 17

LOOK HERE!
THE BEST STYLES IN THE COUNTY



W. W. ROSE
HAS NOW ON HAND A HEAVY STOCK OF
CARRIAGES,
consisting of all
The Latest New York Patterns.
SHOO FLIES,
TRACK SULKEYS,
TROTTING WAGONS,
SUNSHADES FALLING TOPS,
GERMANTOWNS AND
JAGGER WAGONS
The public are respectfully invited to inspect my stock 50

Hulmeville.

FREDERICK AFFLERBACH,
Carpet Weaver,
HULMEVILLE, PA
Rag carpets woven to order Rags bought at the highest cash prices 414

JOSHUA TOWNSEND & SON,
Furnishing Undertakers,
HULMEVILLE, PA
Coffins of every variety and everything pertaining to the business furnished at reasonable prices
PATENT CORPSE PRESERVERS constantly on hand
Strict attention given to bodies coming from a distance. 523

BARCLAY B. FORREST,
BENSALEM, near Buttonwood Mills,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of
RAG CARPETS.
Carpets made to order and delivered with promptness All orders promptly attended to 568

Bristol.

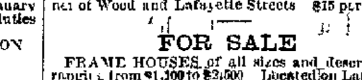
NOTICE TO WATER TAKERS.
Oakes & McGonigle,
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Steam Fitters,
MILL STREET,
Rear of Kinsey's Hardware Store
BRISTOL, PA
All the latest improvements in Faucets Stop-Cocks Circulating Boilers Water Closet Attachments Pantry Sinks Bath Tubs Dry Pans &c &c Wind Mills Force and Lift Pumps Rams, &c
GAS FIXTURES in all the latest designs furnished at short notice All work guaranteed to give satisfaction 730

R HEPWORTH A COLLINS

HEPWORTH & COLLINS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
NO 1 MARKET STREET,
Dealers in Hydrants Wash Basins Water Closets Hot and Cold Shower Baths Bath Tubs Lift and Force Pumps and all articles of the trade Iron Pipe for water gas and steam City and country orders promptly attended to
N B —Please call and examine our stock of Gas Fixtures of the very latest design
Office open daily from 6 to 8 P M
Please give us a call 741

SLEIGHS! SLEIGHS!
NOW READY, A LOT OF
EXTRA SLEIGHS,
Which will be at low prices at
WILSON RANDALL'S,
601 Bath St., Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa

HOUSES FOR RENT.



SMALL STONE HOUSES on Lafayette Street $8 per month
ONE LARGE SEVEN ROOM HOUSE on Washington Street, $12 per month
TWO LARGE TEN ROOM HOUSES, with Iron Front on Dorrance Street $18 75 per month
ONE LARGE NINE ROOM HOUSE at the corner of Wood and Lafayette Streets $15 per month

FOR SALE
FRAME HOUSES of all sizes and descriptions, ranging from $1,100 to $3,500 Located on Lafayette Washington and Dorrance Streets Very liberal terms offered.

Building Lots for Sale,
On Lafayette, Washington and Dorrance Streets Also on Jefferson Avenue destined to be the handsomest and most attractive street in the borough HOUSES ERECTED BY CONTRACT on any of the above streets when desired
637 JOSHUA PEIRCE.

Bristol.

ROBERT P. SNOWDEN,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
44 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa
506

E. G. HARRISON,
Real Estate and Insurance Agency,
CONVEYANCING AND SURVEYING,
No. 44 Mill Street,
356 BRISTOL, PA.

CASPER ULLERICH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 29 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
LADIES Misses and Children's Shoes, Gentlemen's and Boys Boots and Shoes heavy and fine all selling cheap for cash
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO First class work made to order and satisfaction guaranteed 638

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
The finest and latest Styles of work for Ladies and Gents FIRST CLASS BOOTS made a specialty SOLE LEATHER and UPPERS of all descriptions constantly on hand at to be had at city prices
Store at Corner Mill & Pond Sts.,
602 BRISTOL, PA.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
STEPHEN HIBBS wishes to inform the citizens of Bristol and vicinity that he has opened a store on MILL STREET, next to Ahlee's Confectionery Store where he intends to keep on hand and supply of Ladies, Misses, Gents and Children's Boots and Shoes at low prices First class work made to order Repairing neatly done and promptly attended to
N B —Sewing Machine Oil, Needle and Attachments constantly on hand Machines repaired, cleaned and nicely adjusted Give us a call 791

W. E. WALKER & CO.,
No 47 Mill St, Bristol,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
HARDWARE;
Also WOODEN WARE and House Furnishing Goods Discount to the trade Builders Hardware a specialty 483

CHARLES WOLLARD,
Contractor & Builder,
Washington St., bet Cedar & Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.
HOUSES BUILT BY CONTRACT
and all kinds of Carpenter Work promptly executed
Satisfaction guaranteed 600

EDWARD C. FLOCK,
Carpenter and Builder,
CEDAR STREET, ABOVE WALNUT.
BRISTOL PA
Houses built by contract or day Jobbing promptly attended to
Stair-Building a specialty 294

CHARLES H YATES RICHARD F SHAW

YORK & SHAW,
Carpenters & Builders,
Wilson St, bet Walnut and Mulberry,
BRISTOL, PA
Houses built by contract or day Jobbing promptly attended to 508

WILLIAM ALLAWAY,
Bricklayer, Stone Mason
AND PLASTERER
BATH STREET, Bristol, Bucks Co, Pa.
Ranges Heaters and Boilers set and re set
Jobbing promptly attended to 210

CARPETS
Washed and Scoured for
Five Cents per Yard;
AT
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL PA. 402

FURNITURE
Re-upholstered and Varnished;
HOUSE PAINTING also
WALL PAPERING and Varnished
Special care given to Chair Caning,
JOHN I McMILLAN,
Radcliffe Street near St James Church
29 BRISTOL

WILLIAM TABRAM
Furniture, Stoves, Hardware,
Rag and Iron Merchant,
BRISTOL, PA.
ALL kinds of second hand Stoves and Furniture constantly on hand KEYS fitted to Locks and LOCKS repaired Cash paid for Rags Paper and all kinds of METALS 361

Carting and Draying.
ALL kinds of Carting done on the most reasonable terms Particular attention paid to the moving of PIANOS and FURNITURE
All orders left at my residence, No 12 Walnut St will be promptly attended to in the very best manner WILLIAM SUTCH
34 12 Walnut St., Bristol, Pa.

THE INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY effects insurance on Real and Personal Property on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent
GEORGE W RHAWN President
WATSON COMLY (Byberry P O)
Secy and Treas
JOSHUA V BUCKMAN Agent
509 Bristol

BRISTOL
INSURANCE & REAL ESTATE
AGENCY.
A. F. YOUNG.
Houses to Let and For Sale
624 In all parts of the Borough

EDWARD B. BROWN,
CARRIAGE PAINTER,
AND
TRIMMER,
OTTER STREET,
Bristol, Bucks County, Pa.
CARRIAGES neatly Painted and Trimmed, at reasonable prices
All work warranted and promptly attended to
231

MEAT! MEAT!
MILTON WEBSTER,
66 MILL STREET,
a few doors above Wood, Bristol, Pa.,
KEEPS always a good quality of Beef Veal, Mutton &c and is
PROMPTLY ON HAND EVERY MORNING,
to supply the wants of his customers He asks the patronage of his old friends and the public generally 37

STEPHEN H. CARR,
WOOD Street, Opposite Marble Yard,
Keeps on hand
THE BEST QUALITY OF MEATS OF ALL
KINDS IN SEASON,
Beef, Veal, Mutton,
FAMILIES SUPPLIED EVERY MORNING AT
THEIR DOORS,
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES. 395

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.
ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 63

Bristol.

1874. Fall and Winter. 1874.

CABEEN & BEATTY,
Invite attention to their Well Selected Stock of New
DRESS GOODS,
WHICH COMPRISE THE NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES OF THE SEASON
We offer SPECIAL BARGAINS in
Black Alpacas, Mohairs, and Brilliantines.
LARGE STOCK OF
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND SUITINGS.
Black Beavers, Water Proofs in all colors.
BLANKETS! BLANKETS!
Shawls—both long and square.
MERINO UNDERWEAR, for both great and small, in great variety
Groceries! Groceries!
BOTH PLAIN AND FANCY, AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES 780

IMPORTANT NOTICE!
Having made my purchases at the very lowest cash prices I will sell as low as can be purchased in Philadelphia or elsewhere.
DRESS GOODS,
Trimmings, Embroideries, Laces, Velvets, Velveteens, Hoop Skirts, Corsets,
GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.
Complete assortment of RIBBONS all widths and shades Also a great variety of HUMAN HAIR IMITATION GOODS CURLS FRIZZES ROLLS and BRAIDS Can't be made up into any form PERFUMERY STATIONERY, &c Also WHITMAN'S CHOICE CONFECTIONERY
VERY HANDSOME WAX DOLLS AND FANCY ARTICLES,
Suitable for Holiday Presents Very Cheap
SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES AND OIL
MRS. J MERRICK BROWN,
722 No. 45 Mill Street, 3 doors from Wood Street, Bristol Pa.

JOHN R. BOYD,
No 6 Radcliffe Street, Bristol,
Genuine Havana and Key West
CIGARS A SPECIALTY
Quality and prices guaranteed to suit the most fastidious customers
Finest and medium grades of TOBACCO AND CIGARS at reasonable prices 76

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
Bread and Cake Baker,
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge,
BRISTOL, PA
Ice Biscuit and Cakes of all kinds constantly on hand
Hot Rolls and Fresh Bread served for breakfast
Orders for Ice Cream and Water Ices filled with promptness
WEDDINGS and PARTIES supplied 339

CHARLES A. AHLEE,
DEALER IN
Confectionery and Ice Cream,
No 43 Mill Street Bristol, Pa.
CAKES FANCY CANDIES NUTS FRUITS &c constantly on hand
Weddings and Parties supplied with promptness 30

Come One! Come All!
WHERE
JAMES S. CAWLEY'S
OYSTER SALOON,
(AT SAVE MILL STAND)
Where you will find the best Oysters in Bristol Oysters served in every style at all hours
Weddings and parties supplied Don't forget the number NO 16 MILL STREET 78

S. WARWICK'S
Restaurant and Oyster Saloon,
WASHINGTON STREET,
(Between Pond and Wood) BRISTOL PA
Oysters served in any style with promptness and delivered to any part of town at short notice 168

BOATMAN'S GROCERY STORE.
LOCK No 3, ON CANAL.
LOUIS WOOLMAN.
Coffee Tea Sugar Molasses Spices Crackers Cheese and everything in the Grocery line constantly on hand 30

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL PA,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF PREPARED HAM, BUTTER LARD TEAS and COFFEE
And in fact everything in the Grocery Line 24

JOHN LACY.
FAMILY GROCER,
Cor. Washington & Pond Sts., Bristol, Pa.
Confectioneries of every description
Also TEA Coffee Sugar Spices Molasses Tobacco and Cigars &c &c
Mince meat of our own make constantly on hand 30

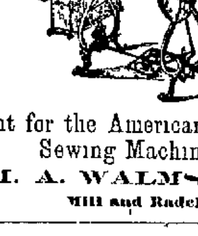
REMOVAL.
P O HUTCHINS
Would inform his Friends and the Public that he has removed to the Corner of
Wood and Mulberry Streets,
where he will continue to keep on hand an assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES Dried and Canned Fruits also Confectioneries and Notions Tobacco and Cigars Fruits and Vegetables in their season
All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods 610

Groceries & Provisions.
A Child can Buy as Cheap as a Man
GEORGE C. GILLINGHAM,
At the Old Established
Grocery, Provision & Notion Store,
Dorrance St., bet. Wood & Pond Sts.
Respectfully informs his friends that he still lives and is prepared to furnish his customers with good Groceries and Provisions which in quality and price will compare favorably with anything in the market
Also a good assortment of Notions &c on hand
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES in their season 609

J. V. FOSTER,
NO 33 MILL STREET, BRISTOL,
DEALER IN
DRY-GOODS,
GROCERIES,
AND
Provisions.
A full line of fine Groceries and Vegetables in season
COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange 613

Dorrance Street Ahead.
THE PLACE TO BUY THE
CHOICEST GROCERIES,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
IS AT
B. SNYDER & SON'S,
Dorrance Street between Wood and Pond,
BRISTOL, PA
A full stock of choice Groceries, SUGARS, TEAS, RICE &c
CANNED FRUITS, Vegetables in season Hams, Shoulders, Dried Beef
Notions, Crockery and Earthen Ware, and all the etceteras
TO THE END OF THE CHAPTER
Also, a Choice Quality of
Beef, Pork and Mutton
Always on hand
All goods delivered free 761

Important to Those
Desirous of Purchasing
GOOD GOODS
At Low Market Rates!
NEW PLAIN POPLINS special bargains 35 to 37½
BLACK ALPACAS 30 40 45 50 62 75 80
LETS in all styles 20 to 25
DELAINES 12 cents, 18 25 20
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